

SPORT

JULY 1985/\$2

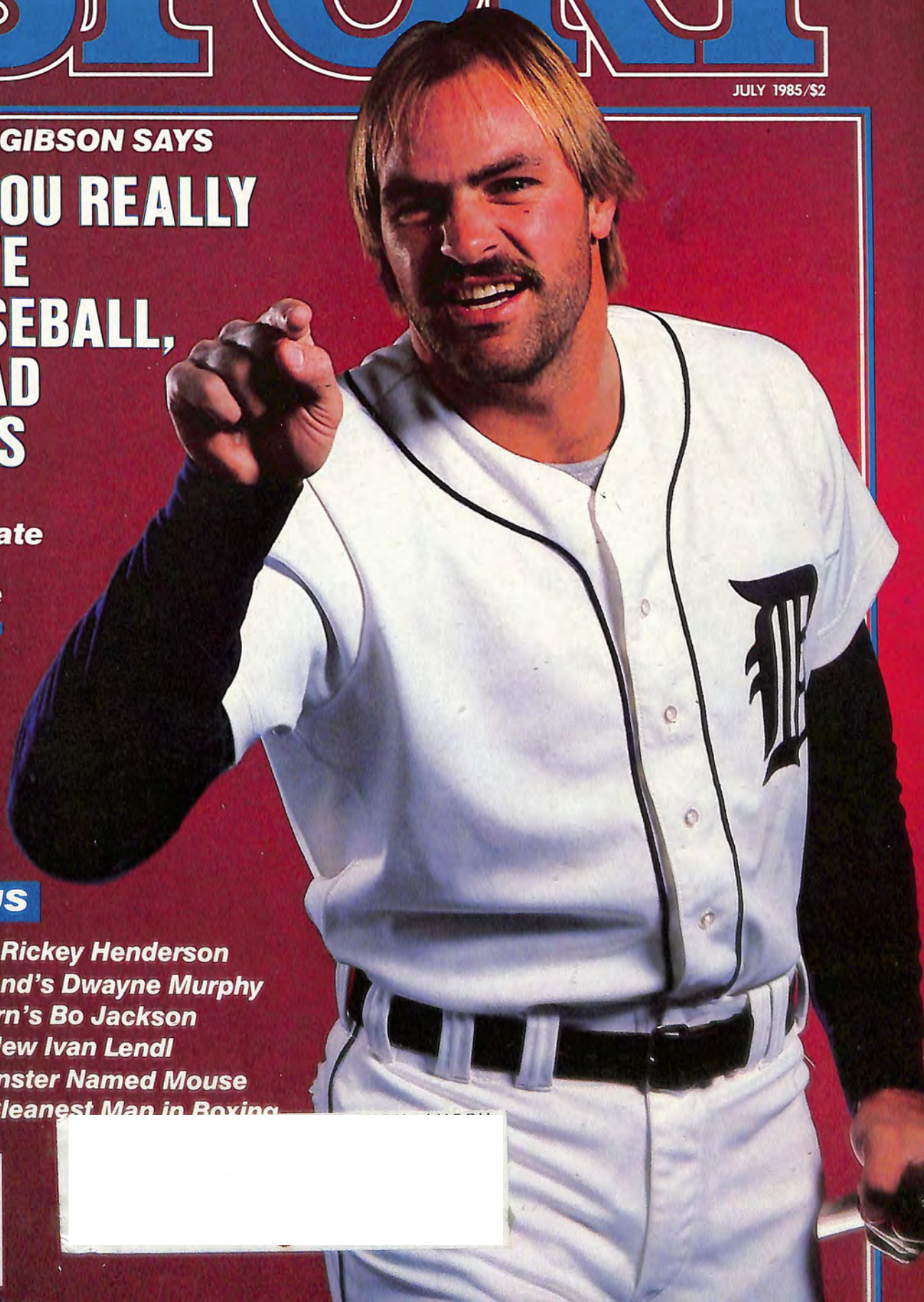
KIRK GIBSON SAYS

**IF YOU REALLY
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BASEBALL,
READ
THIS**

**The
Ultimate
Fans'
Guide**

PLUS

- *N.Y.'s Rickey Henderson*
- *Oakland's Dwayne Murphy*
- *Auburn's Bo Jackson*
- *The New Ivan Lendl*
- *A Monster Named Mouse*
- *The Cleanest Man in Boxing*



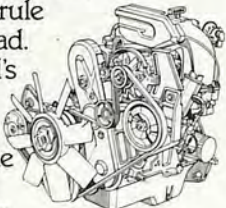
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Tough Fords are America's best-selling 4x4's.* And for '85, high-output engines help make an even more powerful statement!

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Ford gives you the power to rule the off-road. With Ford's full-size F-Series pickup, the standard engine is a powerful 4.9L Six. Or you can



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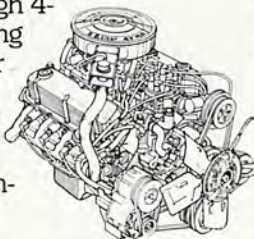
Like the 5.8L V-8, a high output engine with 4-barrel carb.† And the small-size Ranger's husky 2.8L V-6 option has horsepower that no other small V-6 pickup beats!

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At Ford, Quality is Job 1. A 1984 survey established that Ford makes the best-built American trucks. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in the prior six months on 1981-1983 models designed and built in the U.S.

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Dealer-installed Ranger light bar not for occupant safety.

* Based on new truck calendar year registrations thru October, 1984.

† Optional; not available in California or with manual transmission.



"My Ford Pickup & Me."

"My Ford Ranger & Me."

AMERICA'S
TRUCK **BUILT FORD TOUGH**



Get it together - Buckle up!

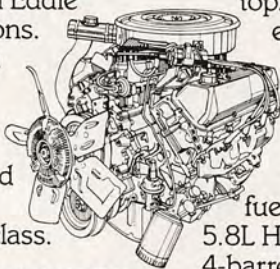
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things in
common—
besides Ford
toughness
and Bauer class.

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Both have plenty of
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with new electronic
fuel injection. Plus a
5.8L High Output V-8 with
4-barrel carb—and 27%
more horsepower than
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Unique suspensions.

Both Broncos have

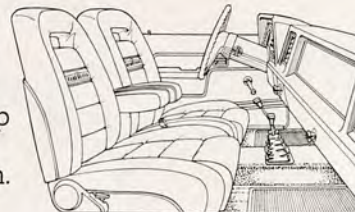
independent front sus-
pension to absorb off-
road jolts so you don't
have to. And to help keep
wheels glued to the
ground for solid traction.

Both give you a
proven 4-wheel-drive
system with a choice of
manual or optional auto-
matic locking hubs.

And now both offer
you the special looks and
luxury of Eddie Bauer
editions.

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and visor organizer. And,
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and limited warranty
program. One beau-
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At Ford, Quality is
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*Optional; not available in California or
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"My Ford Bronco & Me."

"My Bronco II & Me."

AMERICA'S
TRUCK **BUILT**
FORD
TOUGH



Ford Bronco



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THE JOY OF BASEBALL

34

There are sports fans and then there are baseball fans. The kind who listen to it on the radio. Who plan their vacations around it. The kind who just can't get enough of it. Hey, you nuts, this stuff's for you.



34 The best of baseball

THE BEST FOOTBALL PLAYER IN ALABAMA

46

...is also the best baseball prospect in America. After he wins the Heisman Trophy, he could become the best outfielder in the major leagues. But we'll probably never know. Say it ain't so, Bo.

By David Whitford



25 Ivan the not-so-Terrible

THE MOUSE THAT ROARS

53

Some say the coach of the Denver Gold is a genius, some say he's a fraud. But when Mouse Davis talks, the NFL listens.

By J. David Miller



66 Sugar Ray—the sequel

AT THE CENTER OF THINGS

60

When Rickey Henderson left Oakland to play centerfield for the Yankees, he left behind the best centerfielder in baseball. Dwayne Murphy? Says who? Well, says Rickey Henderson, for one.

By Joe Dalton



46 The natural



60 Playing the field

WHAT'S A NICE GUY LIKE YOU...

66

...doing in a nasty sport like this? It was one thing for lawyer Mike Trainer to bug the boxing world when he had the great Sugar Ray Leonard in his corner. But now he's trying it again, with somebody named Shawn O'Sullivan.

By Michael Katz

INTERVIEW: IVAN LENDL

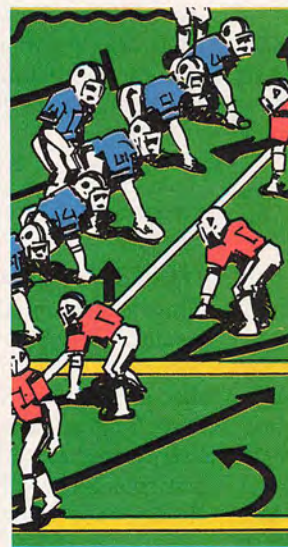
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The weird shirts. The grim expression. The snide remarks. You probably won't root for him to win at Wimbledon this month. But at least listen to the guy first.

By Ross Wetzsteon

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53 A better mousetrap

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Sizing up Flutie, breaking faster and constricting Bowe.

FLUTIE FLAK

I am not a USFL fan, so I, for one, was disappointed at first that the older league passed up the Heisman Trophy winner ("Why the NFL Never Wanted Flutie," May). I loved watching the 5-9 quarterback perform his magic for the Boston College Eagles and would never have doubted his ability as a football player anywhere. But I think Bob Drury's facts about the negative side of a "short" quarterback are too concrete to argue. Since I really want to see Doug Flutie play again, I hope he proves his skeptics, including myself, as wrong as can be. I hope to see him in the NFL someday.

Chris Leahey
Rensselaer, New York

It seems to me that the NFL's two best quarterbacks weren't highly acclaimed by the "super scouts" of the NFL. Joe Montana came off a national championship season at Notre Dame and was never "drooled over" by NFL scouts. Dan Marino had a poor season his senior year at the University of Pittsburgh and wasn't chosen until the twenty-seventh pick of the first round. I believe Flutie could have made it in the NFL if things were handled differently. Maybe he'll display his heroics in the NFL someday. Let's hope so.

Frank Giroux
New Britain, Connecticut

Flutie belongs in the USFL; his stats prove it. I think the NFL still gets its share, if not the cream of the crop, of the college prospects. The NFL is winning this war without a fight.

Kenneth Burgos
Miami, Florida

HERSCHEL HUBBUB

I don't agree with you when you say Herschel Walker is a loser in the USFL ("USFL Losers: The Regretful Ones," May). You say that his game has suffered. Walker has gained 506 yards in his last three games and Lynn Swann said that it is the best he has seen him run since Walker's freshman or sophomore year at

Georgia. You also say people don't care about his statistics. But does that make him a loser?

Scott Wheelwright
Sandy, Utah

SPEED FREAK

I enjoyed Roy S. Johnson's article, "See How They Run" (May). I have an idea for an NBA rule change that would make the pro game even more exciting. Award three points for baskets made within 3 seconds of gaining control of the ball. The transition game is the most beautiful aspect of basketball. The NBA awards three points for the long outside shot; why not reward the steal near midcourt or the rebound with the lightning outlet pass downcourt that results in a basket within a few ticks of the clock? Dave Cowens used to catch the ball as it dropped through the opponent's basket, step out of bounds and fling it to John Havlicek, who caught it in stride and laid it up for two points before you could blink. If a basket is scored before the clock shows 21 on the 24-second clock—it's a three-pointer.

Alan T. Matsuda
Honolulu, Hawaii

I believe that Paul Pressey, the Bucks' "point forward," should have been mentioned in "See How They Run." If he and his "octopus arms" aren't making an awe-inspiring dunk at the end of a fast break, they're getting assists so that someone else, like Cummings or Moncrief, can slam it home for two.

L. Richard
Kewaunee, Wisconsin

FRESH TROOPS

Three cheers for the Sarge. I enjoyed reading "The Best of Enemies" in the May issue, but I would like to point out that in the 1985 lineup card you had Larry Bowe at shortstop. Sorry to say that Larry's age has caught up with him, so now enter Shawon Dunston. Watch him closely; he is going to be a great one.

Rick Willey
Dubuque, Iowa

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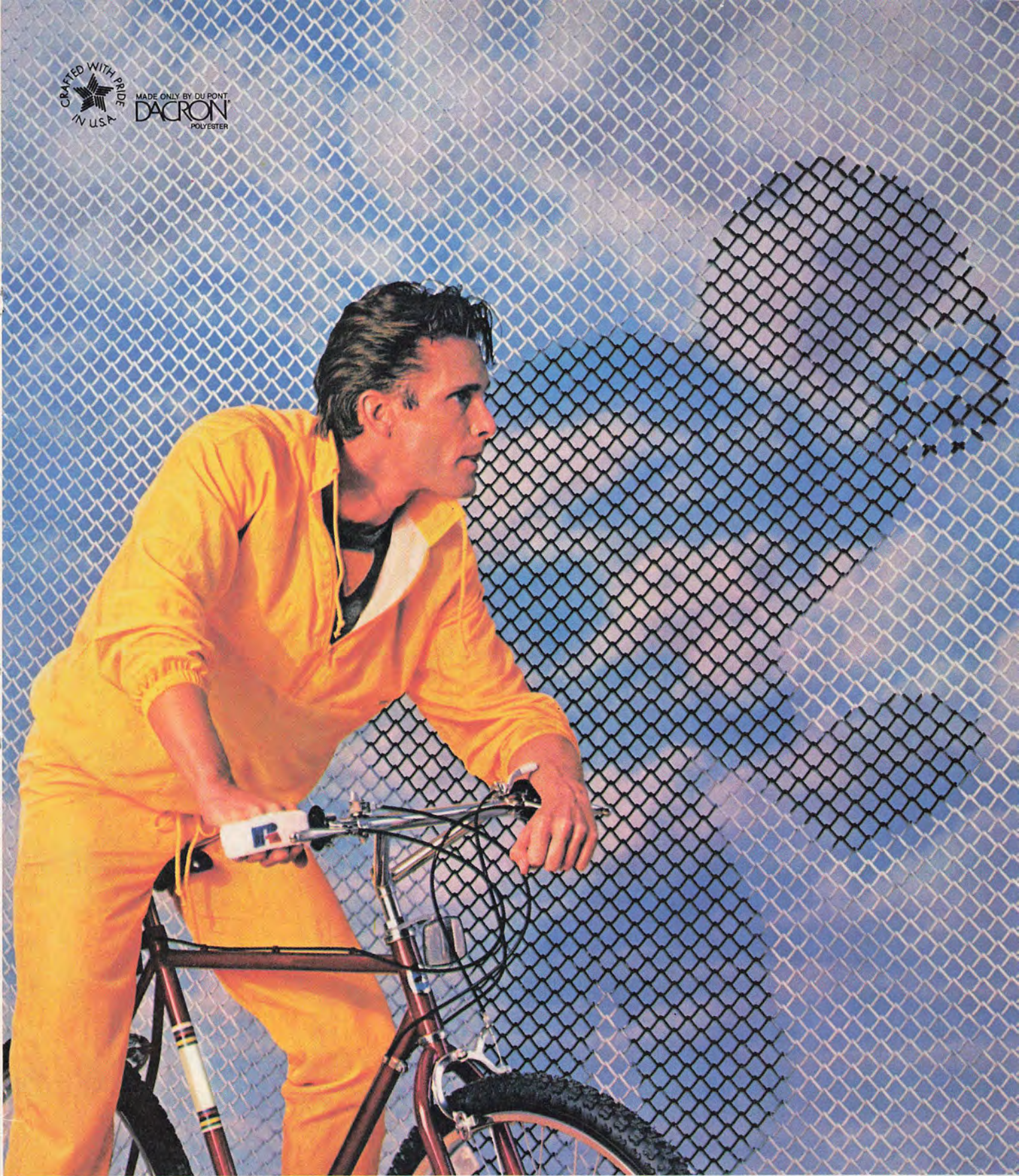
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LING

"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken...
and so will my friends."



A designer collection, equine connection & the ex-jock rejection.

UNION TO UEBIE:
THE DH
WILL STAY

When Peter Ueberroth took over as baseball commissioner and promptly announced his intention to poll fans about the designated hitter, anti-DH zealots figured a decisive nay would let them have baseball their way. But they figured wrong. Why? Because the Major League Baseball Players' Association (MLBPA) is not about to let the DH get polled out to pasture.

"Any change moving away from the DH would have to be part of the collective bargaining agreement," says Donald Fehr, the union's acting executive director. "And it would be very difficult to change." It reduces to simple

economics: today's DHs are heavy financial hitters. The Indians' Andre Thornton will pull in more than \$1 million this season. So will the Brewers' Ted Simmons. Don Baylor of the Yankees will try to make do with \$825,000.

Baylor, the AL representative of the MLBPA executive board, is personally opposed to the DH, but is quick to add, "You're talking about eliminating 14 players' jobs. And it's unfair to take a guy's livelihood away from him."

Barring an attempt by owners to reduce roster size, rescinding the designated hitter would technically not mean eliminating the



Baylor: "You're talking about 14 players' jobs."

total number of jobs available for AL players. But it *would* mean a reduction in aggregate player income.

"It turns a regular job into a utility job," says Fehr. "As a parallel, suppose you've got a bunch of workers in a plant.

season. Even if the respondents vote overwhelmingly to abolish the designated hitter ("We can't prejudge that," he snaps), Fehr will not give ground. "We'd have to look very carefully at the poll—how it was done and how the questions were asked."

A PITCHER WORTH
A THOUSAND
WORDS

On the mound, he's left-hander Shane Rawley of the Phillies. Between starts, he's Barry Powers, an American bomber pilot for the *Lafayette Escadrille* who is shot down by the Germans during World War I.

Powers is one of the three lead characters in Rawley's first novel, an action-adventure that opens in France in 1917, shifts to New

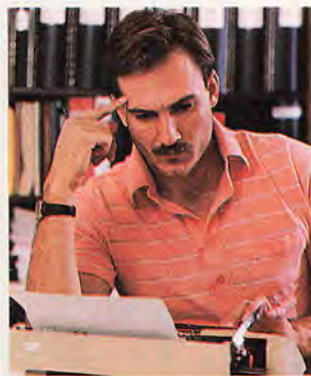
York during the Roaring Twenties and concludes in hot pursuit of valuable diamonds in Casablanca in 1930.

Rawley's writing career has been an adventure in itself. Though he admits to being a poor student in school ("All I thought about was sports"), Rawley took up writing five years ago to pass the time during road trips. This year he stumbled onto his first writing credit, penning the screenplay for *The Party*, a short film about drug and alcohol abuse geared toward teens.

"I talked to some lady on the production end and mentioned I was writing a book. She called a week later and asked if I could do the screenplay.

"I didn't know the first thing about it," he reveals, "so I went to a bookstore and got some 'how-to' books. The producer read the script and thought it was good." So good, that he's been asked to write a series of films along the same theme.

As he writes the remaining two thirds of his novel, Rawley dreams of it as a potential TV miniseries. Until then, he'll have to settle for everyone else's fantasy—pitching in the big leagues.



Rawley: War is hell.

DRESSES
FOR
SUCCESS

By day, Barry Biegelsen runs a dress company in New York City's garment district. But at night, when he returns to his suburban New Jersey home, he withdraws to his basement, closes the door and feverishly plots new ways to add to what is probably the foremost private basketball collection in the United States.

You name it, he's got it: Bob Lanier's size 18½ sneakers; Julius Erving's warm-up jacket; a stack of John Wooden's personal letters; the stitched leather ball used in the 1926 Army-Navy game; and long rows of uniforms, autographed balls and pictures.

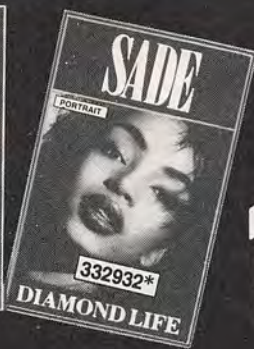
How has Biegelsen amassed such a formidable collection in just two years? Owning a dress company helps. Although Biegelsen claims he "never asks anybody for anything," he makes it clear that he's a collector and sends dresses to the wives and girlfriends of basketball stars. His \$100 "day into evening" frocks are polyester-blend knock-offs of designer dresses, trimmed with lace, sequins and beads.

Biegelsen makes it a point to get to know the trainers, coaches and secretaries on the NBA teams—and the appropriate dress sizes. "Ten people had to get dresses on the Bulls," he recalls, but he eventually got uniforms from the entire team.

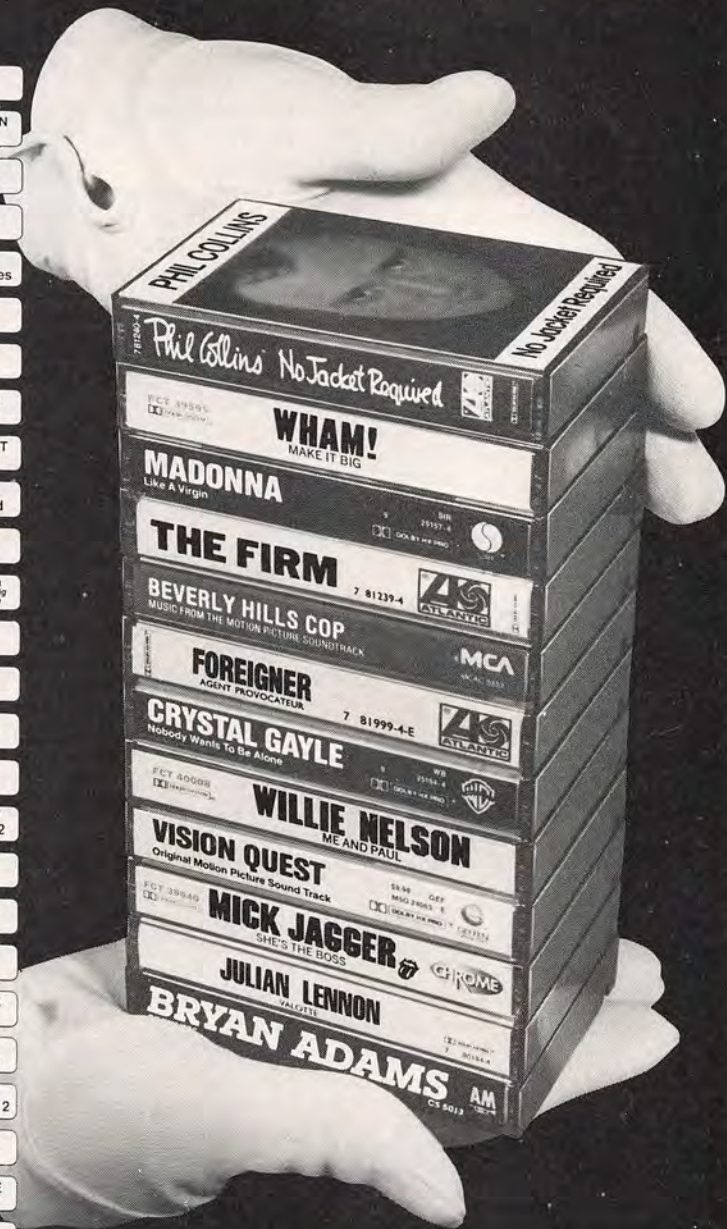
His latest schemes involve getting pictures of "great NBA fights," signed by the participants, and trying to wrangle a collector's version of the Holy Grail—a recent autograph from the notoriously uncooperative Bill Russell. Figure Russ for a size 18 easy.



Biegelsen: Rags for riches.



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Reckless
A.M.

331793* AL JARREAU
HIGH CRIME
Warner Bros.

330837 LINDA RONSTADT
Lush Life
Asylum

335026 BEST OF EXILE
MCA/Curb

328302* TINA TURNER
Private Dancer
Capitol

327304 THE JACKSONS
Victory
Epic

324442 TOM PETTY
& THE HEARTBREAKERS
DAMN THE TORPEDOES
MCA

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322024 HUEY LEWIS AND
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Chrysalis

327858 ELTON JOHN
Breaking Hearts
Geffen

321018 BILLY JOEL
An Innocent Man
Columbia

334425 CRYSTAL GAYLE
Nobody Wants To Be Alone
Warner Bros.

319541 ELTON JOHN'S
GREATEST HITS
MCA

321307 AIR SUPPLY
GREATEST HITS
Arista

327148 THE JACKSON 5
GREATEST HITS
Motown

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THE AGE OF CONSENT
MCA

318964 JULIO IGLESIAS
Julio
Columbia

320499 THE POLICE
Synchronicity
A.M.

331496* PHILIP BAILEY
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Columbia

267351 DIANA ROSS' GREATEST HITS
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236885 CARPENTERS
SINGLES 1969-1973
A.M.

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GREATEST HITS
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BALLAD OF SALLY ROSE
Warner Bros.

334698 DAVE GRUSIN
ONE OF A KIND
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334359* BERRY GORDY'S
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GREATEST HITS
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327551 PAVAROTTI
MAMMA
London

334433 CONWAY TWITTY
DON'T CALL HIM A COWBOY
Warner Bros.

329631 RICKY SKAGGS
COUNTRY BOY
Epic

327296 HANK WILLIAMS, JR.
MAJOR MOVES
Warner Bros./Curb

332940* LUTHER VANDROSS
THE NIGHT I FELL IN LOVE
Epic

325183 DYORAK
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How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

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Note: all applications are subject to review and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.



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A NEW LEG TO STAND ON

As he munches hay and pokes his head out of his stall, Boitron looks like any healthy, happy thoroughbred stallion. It is only when he steps outside that he presents an arresting sight: three fourths of his right hind leg is fiberglass and steel.

Boitron, an eight-year-old who was syndicated for \$900,000, wears one of the first in a series of prosthetic devices that horsemen hope will save the lives and breeding careers of valuable racehorses.

Designed by the engineering department of Washington State University, the leg weighs 16



pounds and is attached by clamps just below Boitron's hock (knee). It features a platformlike hoof that allows him to walk freely and even trot a bit.

"The problem was making something that could support a horse's weight," says Dr. Barrie Grant, one of the surgeons who attached the leg last year.

Boitron tore up his leg when he panicked during a plane flight in 1981. He was retired to stud at Rio Vista Farm in Atascadero, California, but a series of related ailments led to amputation.

"He's a supersmart horse with a great disposition and he took to the leg like it was his own," says Wally Dollase, owner of Rio Vista. "Since he got it, he's covered [mated with] more than 20 mares."

"We're only just beginning to perfect these things," says Grant, who has applied for funding from the Southern California Equine Foundation to continue development. "I'd say in the future we'll see tendonlike joints and even bionic devices that will signal a muscle when to flex. It is possible a horse could even run on one, although we'd have to figure out how to keep it on."

If they do, it'll lend a whole new meaning to handicap races.

Boitron: Heavy metal.

TRAINING TO BE A PERFECT 10

Track fans like to call the winner of the Olympic decathlon "the world's greatest athlete," and since 1980 that man has been two-time gold-medal winner Daley Thompson of Britain.

The U.S. hasn't had one since Bruce Jenner captured the 1976 Olympic title. Using *Track & Field News* rankings as a measure, the U.S. hasn't had even one of the world's 10 greatest athletes since 1980.

Decathletes, says Jenner, seem to be out of vogue. "People want to see the specialists. They want to see the 19-foot pole vaulter, not a 16-foot vaulter who also puts

a shot 52 feet."

One specialist is seeking to change that: 1984 Olympic high-hurdles gold medalist Roger Kingdom. His Olympic triumph over Greg Foster was a surprise; more surprising are his all-around credentials: In high school he long jumped 24 feet and was the Georgia state discus champ twice; at the University of Pittsburgh he high jumped 7-1; he's done enough distance training to handle 1,500 meters; and he's undeniably strong—a 6-foot, 190-pounder who can bench press 315 pounds.

His biggest hurdle,

BASEBALL'S TWO-MINUTE WARNING

You're watching a baseball game on TV. At the end of an inning, the station breaks for commercials. Roughly two and a half minutes later, the game reappears, the announcer is caught in mid-sentence, the lead-off batter is sliding into second base and you have no idea what's going on.

This long-standing problem generally had been the result of one of two things: the umpire in charge of calling time-in used his intuition rather than his watch, or the station tried to squeeze in an extra spot.

But this season Major League Baseball has instituted a "guaranteed two-minute break" between innings. "I've been timing games for two years now," says Bryan Burns, director of broadcasting, "and I've found the breaks running between 2:25 and 2:40. I started hearing complaints from broadcasters who were getting 'clipped.' One told me that one time there were two outs before he came back on the air."

The two-minute standard allows a 10- to 14-second recap of the previous inning, three 30-second commercials, then a reasonable amount of time for announcers to set the scene for the coming inning. Meanwhile the umpire will time the breaks with a stopwatch. At 1:55, he'll yell, "Play ball," giving the players five seconds to get set. If you're not there to see the first pitch, you'll know who to blame.



Umps keep watch between innings.

however, may be economic. Tim Bright, an 18-1 vaulter who was twelfth in the '84 decathlon, says, "There's no money in the decathlon—period. Even if you do 4

a year, there's not that much of a demand, except during an Olympic year. That's probably why some of the better decathletes dropped out." A hurdler, on the other hand, can do 12 or 20 meets a year, earning appearance fees and the kind of exposure shoe companies crave.

That may be discouraging at the outset, says Kingdom, "but you look at Rafer Johnson or Daley Thompson. They're either well-to-do or rich." Bright believes an established single-event star like Kingdom might have an advantage "because he's financially set and can spend more time training."

And Kingdom knows where his meal money is coming from. "I make sure I work on the hurdles every day. I'm not going to throw that away on the decathlon."

Kingdom: His will be done?



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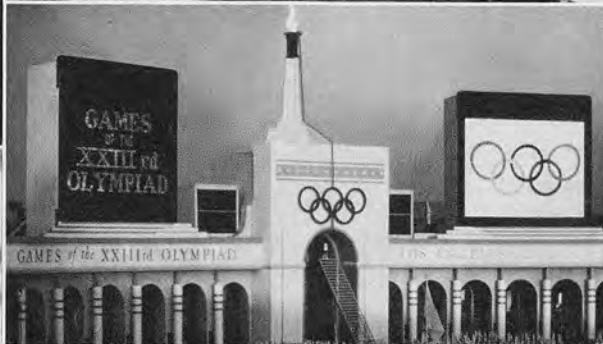
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16 prime time specials focus on American sports achievements in track, boxing,

gymnastics and more. Champions from each sport act as the official host for their particular sport, showing you the games through the athletes' eyes.

You can also watch complete games that were shown only in part last year—including baseball, soccer, volleyball and water polo.

On top of all this, ESPN will televise over 35 live hours of The USOC's National Sports Festival VI from July 26 through August 4. Featuring 3,000 athletes in over 150 events

in 34 sports.

Almost every member of The 1984 U.S. Olympic team took part in past festivals. So chances are, you'll be previewing a lot of future Olympic superstars.

Tune in to ESPN this month. And get emotional over the most incredible sports.

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THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK™

CADDYSHACK II: THE SUTTERS GO GOLFING

As children, the seven Sutter brothers often teed off on each other while waiting for the school bus to arrive. Later, six of the seven brought their special brand of old-time hockey to the NHL. The town of Lethbridge, Alberta, will no doubt become their next battleground when it hands the boys golf clubs as part of Sutter Family Appreciation Weekend.

The three-day gala (June 28-30), at the site where Brian, Duane, Brent, Ron and Rich played junior hockey (Darryl played at New Brunswick), will honor the NHL's feisty first family with awards, a banquet, a feature horse race at nearby Whoop Up Downs and, of course, the Sutter Celebrity Golf Classic.

"It's our way of saying thanks for putting Lethbridge on the map," says Sheron Burgis of the

Lethbridge Hockey Hounds, the event's organizers. "We expect a colorful event, to say the least."

The entire Sutter clan, including mother Grace, father Louis and eldest brother Gary, will be on hand along with local officials and representatives from every NHL team. Don Cherry, an unabashed Sutter booster, will be the guest speaker.

"It's an honor," gushes Cherry. "They're a throwback to the players of old. They're not afraid



to play with pain."

Some of which is self-inflicted. "We get out on the golf course," says Duane (Dog), who led the Islanders in penalty minutes this season, "and after three holes we're swinging at each other."

"We all hate to lose," adds Ron, "especially to each other."

With playoff wounds and grudges still fresh, it's a safe bet another chapter will be added to the Sutter legacy. "The twins took money out of my pocket and I don't like it," says Brent (Pup), whose Islanders were ousted by Rich and Ron's Flyers. "On the golf course, I'll kick their butts."

The linksters then and now.

A REALLY BIG SHOE

Archivals adidas and Puma are off to the high-tech races in an attempt to corner the market on running shoes that can think.

This fall adidas will unveil the Micropacer, a running shoe with a minicomputer in its tongue. The computer will provide readings on its digital-watch-like face of the time, distance and average speed of the run (or cumulative

runs), along with an estimate of calories expended. The retail price is \$100.

Puma has gone one step further, gearing up for an early 1986 release of the first-ever footwear product that can be plugged into a home computer. Its RS Computer Shoe is part of a \$200 package that includes a 5¼-inch software diskette, connector cable, instruction manual and miniscule printed-circuit board—600 transistors on a silicon chip housed above the heel of the right shoe—that plugs in via the cable to either an Apple IIe or Commodore 64 computer.

Like its adidas counterpart, the

Puma shoe provides readouts of time, distance and caloric expenditure. But Dr. Peter Cavanagh, professor of biomechanics at Penn State and the inventor of the concept, hastens to point out that the software allows for greater accuracy because the runner can input stride length and frequency information that "calibrates the shoe to your particular style." The program also supplies graphic displays to aid in record keeping. And six loud beeps are emitted when you've completed a pre-measured distance.

Not to worry when the shoes wear thin; just buy a replacement pair for \$95 and keep using the same chip.

How will these computerized shoes play among the sweat set? "They'll sell," says Bob Carr, editor of the trade magazine *Sporting Goods Business*. "There's a market for this stuff. Biofeedback is very big now." Nor will runners stumble over the price. "If it's three digits, people will buy it. Price tags have a mystique."



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PASTERNAK

UPDATE

A year ago we disclosed an ambitious petition drive by a coalition of 25 public-interest groups seeking to ban or restrict advertising of alcoholic beverages on TV. Though the Federal Trade Commission took no action—much to the relief of TV sports executives, who were sobered by the prospect of losing some \$350 million in ad revenue—the issue is still brewing, with the drive's sponsors now turning the heat on Congress.

But a more immediate concern has arisen for brewers—particularly Miller—in a separate initiative proposing the elimination of celebrities and ex-athletes in alcohol ads. This measure, proposed by the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF), could spell the end of the long-running Lite Beer ads, which are hailed by one industry observer as "the best beer campaign ever created."

The question is whether endorsements by well-known figures mislead consumers, especially young ones, by conveying the idea that the product is a key to their fame or success. The same issue prompted the BATF in 1955 to ban active athletes from alcohol ads.

The problem is defining the term celebrity. "Is Bob Uecker a celebrity?" poses Eric Shepard of *Beer Marketer's Insights*, a trade newsletter. "Was he before he appeared on the Lite ads?" Bill Drake of the BATF agrees. "Baseball fans knew before this commercial who Marv Throneberry was, but I sure didn't."

Thinking ahead, Miller already has launched a new campaign in Canada, featuring actors cast as aspiring—but obviously less-than-gifted—jocks, one who's dubbed "a one-time training-camp hopeful," another "a legend in his own mind." Sounds great, but less filling.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Three miles into New Jersey off the George Washington Bridge, the Loews Glen Pointe Hotel rises from the northern tip of a strip of marsh and swampland that runs like a finger pointing south 30 miles along the course of the Raritan River. Until 15 years ago this strip of marsh, euphemistically dubbed The Meadowlands, was primarily the repository of illegally dumped tanks of toxic waste and the occasional dead capy chained to a two-ton Wurlitzer.

Today, the area is a reclamation project, dotted with hotels, condo communities and shopping centers that revolve around the Meadowlands Racetrack, Giants Stadium and the Brendan Byrne Arena like planets around the sun. But it is not reclamation I am looking for as I pull into the parking lot of this monolithic hotel in Teaneck, New Jersey. It is a funeral.

The death of the USFL is on my mind. After three years in operation, and as many false starts, I am convinced that the USFL has finally seen the error of its ways and has convened its 312th owners' meeting to announce that the dream has died. I was there in the beginning and it seems appropriate to stop by and pay my final respects, like you would for a passing acquaintance or a mildly psychotic brother-in-law.

Alas, this is not my fate. As the owners' meeting breaks and commissioner Harry Usher is engulfed by television cameras and empty suits, I collar a man I know who has been privy to the goings on behind closed doors. This man wears a twisted expression as he exits the meeting. His glazed, bobbing, Howdy Doody face sits incongruously atop his pinstriped, double-breasted Adolpho suit and the ubiquitous cordovan loafers. The look in his eye reminds me of the gleam of a middle linebacker I once knew who was carried off the field with a broken ankle just as his third-quarter bennies kicked in. As Usher drones on endlessly in the front of the conference room, my man wipes the flecks of saliva from his lower lip and explains to me how his league, the spring league that never bloomed, is about to flower in the fall.

"They are sending up very inexpensive communications satellites in the space shuttle these days, did you know that?" this man-in-the-know asks me. "Very inexpensive. It opens up whole new venues. Harry wants to make a big splash with the announcement sometime in the future, so all I can tell you is to think about superstations. Think about our own independent network. Think about that keeping us afloat, and the



ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT REYNOLDS

CIRCLING THE DRAIN WITH THE USFL

Mad millionaires. Sci-fi satellites. Vicious missives. And a lulu of a lawsuit. Join us in Jersey for a visit to the warroom. It's the league that wouldn't die.

horror. The horror. Exterminate the brutes."

Two weeks earlier. I am sitting in front of John Bassett's black formica desk in the Tampa offices of the Bandits, and I have asked the owner his feelings about the suit. Bassett is a "new" Canadian. According to its current chroniclers, the "new" Canadian is assertive, experimental, even reckless. Gone are the days of the conservative, restrained, austere northern neighbor Americans have stepped on for so long. But not gone too far, for even the "new" Canadian finds it difficult to rationalize his new entrepreneurship with his traditional quotient of common sense.

"The suit is absolute baloney," Bassett says finally. "I don't figure we have a case. The NFL's out there doing business. And we're out there doing business. In Canada we don't sue doctors if we lose our kids on the table. We figure the doctor's an honest guy, he did his best. All you people do down here is sue. It's absolutely ridiculous."

From the USFL's inception, the chief operating officer of the Tampa Bay Bandits has had a sound grip on what this spring venture was supposed to be. And he is clinging to the original idea. "Territorial drafts, a few high-priced players, throw the ball all over the place and all the fun the law allows." The man has no beef with paying big bucks for a Walker or a Flutie, a Cribbs or a Kelly. It was only when the second

ESPN contract. And, of course, the suit."

Of course, the suit. It is a \$1.32-billion antitrust suit against the NFL. It is also the war club the six USFL owners who believe they will one day be co-opted into the NFL used to convince the six who know they will never be in that league to vote for a move to the fall. Space shuttle and superstations are fantasies. The suit is the reason they remain in business. They cannot cry monopoly without competing head-to-head with the established league. This is their chance to bleed the NFL. The suit is the USFL's real plan.

That is what John Bassett has realized, and that is why John Bassett has yanked his team from their ranks. Bassett's Tampa Bay Bandits will play out the season. And then Bassett himself will attempt to create a new spring football league. "Their plan is insane," says Bassett as he angrily stalks out of this New Jersey hotel lobby. "John Bassett is insane," whisper the other USFL owners. And in my own mind the words from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* are reverberating: "The

wave of USFL owners, the Trumps and the Oldenburgs, began hocking high-rises for free safeties and offensive lines in an attempt to compete directly with the established football league that the USFL was rent asunder. "Millions of dollars for Gary Barbaro," whooshes Bassett of the safety Trump stole for his Generals. "How many rumps does Gary Barbaro put in the seats?"

Bassett is undergoing radiation therapy for two brain tumors. Although the hair on his ruddy head thins daily, he appears hale and hearty this morning, having just returned from a weekend Caribbean cruise. He says the illness "is no problem, people have said I'm dead from the neck up for years." But now people are meaning it. His fellow owners have used his illness to dismiss him, off the record, as some kind of incompetent lunatic. "The man has cracked up," one high-ranking USFL official tells me. "The chemotherapy is poisoning his brain. He is not responsible for his actions." Yet this nervous reaction to Bassett is understandable. For, his successful football franchise notwithstanding, he is a risky partner to have in a lawsuit that is the only hope of the league. For starters, he can't shut up.

On the first three years of USFL operations: "Total and complete hodgepodge. Jealousies. Everybody fighting for their own interests. These guys proved they can't run pro sports franchises. They come into a new business, say they're going to be smart enough to follow the game plan, and none of them do it. They all fell in love with their football coaches, tried to buy them the best players and blew the whole thing right out of whack."

On the owners' treatment of the league's first commissioner, Chet Simmons, fired this year: "Like a piece of dirt. Chet was a good man and it was shameful."

On Wild Bill Oldenburg, the failed financier of the Los Angeles Express: "Don't ask me how he gets in the league. I walked out of the first meeting he was ever at. Went down to New Orleans for league talks, then a magnificent dinner at the Mayor's Room in Brennan's. This guy comes in drunk with Wayne Newton and six of his buddies. Took his shirt off, his language is disgusting. Never seen such a rude asshole in my life."

Then he shows me a letter from George Allen, the coach and original USFL in-

Bassett pulls out a letter to Trump:
"You are younger and stronger than I...I'll have no regrets punching you right in the mouth."

vestor. In it Allen tells Bassett that he's been in pro football for 25 years and has yet to see a dispute settled in the media. Bassett's reply informs Allen that he, too, has been involved in pro football for 25 years, "and am still." Kindest personal regards, John Bassett.

But Bassett's true flaming ardor is reserved for Donald Trump, the man who "changed the idea." "A tremendous influence because of the peer pressure in the owners' group," says Bassett, his jaw thumping like an oil derrick. "The highest profile, the richest guy, therefore the others defer to him. But I don't. Why, I'll show you another letter where the guy got so rude in a meeting..."

The letter reads, in part: "...others may be able to let your insensitive and denigrating comments pass, [but] I no longer will."

"You are bigger, younger and stronger than I, which means I'll have no regrets whatsoever punching you right in the mouth the next time an instance occurs where you personally scorn me, or anyone else, who does not happen to salute and dance to your tune."

The letter was dated August of '84, and it was when I left Bassett's office with the correspondence in my hand that I knew that the Raven had quoth for the USFL. Nevermore. Well, perhaps once more. I would go to New Jersey to catch the closing act.

Let's face it," says Donald Trump, surveying the Bauhaus influence on the hotel lobby in New Jersey, "John's been a good local promoter all his life. But that's all he is, a good local promoter." And local promotion is not Donald Trump's idea of a slam-bang football league. Since the day Trump purchased the Generals from Oklahoma oilman J. Walter Duncan, his burning desire has been to become a franchise owner in the NFL. With that as an end, it has been the Trump influence on the USFL that has scuttled the original, springtime plan. The new, secret plan involves tying up the NFL so long in court that it

is finally forced through tedium to acquiesce and accept as inevitable the need for wholesale expansion in Baltimore and Oakland, maybe Memphis and Birmingham. And, of course, New Jersey.

"I'm beginning to have my doubts about Pete Rozelle as a businessman," Trump says softly. "I can't fathom how he

doesn't see that he needs teams in the very cities where we already have viable franchises.

"We'll miss the Bandits," he says almost wistfully. "But this shift to the fall is about big ideas."

I remember other "big ideas." In the USFL they open and close like Broadway reviews. There was "Big Ideas of '83," featuring, among others, a famed cardiovascular surgeon, a real estate maven, a former ambassador to Switzerland and a noted judge who trotted out 12 logos and 12 jerseys at New York's 21 Club and promised to stuff them with football players by February. I remember "Big Ideas of '84," when a different set of millionaires formed another dais to announce, heh, heh, we hadn't really gotten it right the first time but, heh, heh, once we move to the fall with a big network television contract, everything will be just peachy.

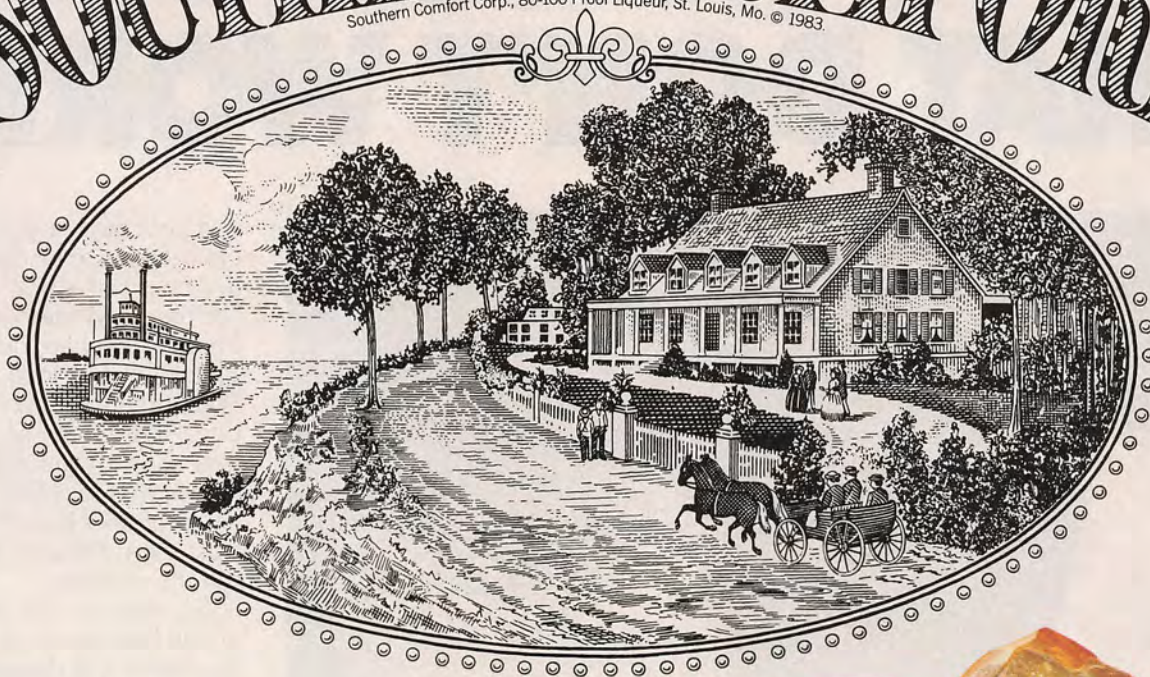
Now I am getting the third "Big Ideas" review of my USFL-watchers' career and I don't want them. I want Saigon, a swift fall; lillies and fond eulogies. I am given Beirut, a slow cantonization created by warring factions. Shi'ite and Sunni; Bassett and Trump. It is too much to bear.

As I drive away from the New Jersey hotel my mind wanders. What if Bassett's plan for a new, "international" spring league has merit? Where will the fans' loyalties lie? With the Cairo Practors? The Manila Folders? And what of Trump and his followers? Will they play on, with the help of a satellite, until the NFL is forced to accept them?

It doesn't matter. There is a meanness on both sides of this USFL dispute, and, more importantly, no more humor. Bassett's new league is a sorry venture into deep space. The Trump-inspired season switch is just another dirty paean to commerce. The Hudson roils below. The car soars over the George Washington Bridge. The mind ponders the words of George Orwell: "In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king." ★

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1983.



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consists of exactly
six tomato plants
out behind the garage.
But with a cool evening
breeze rustling through
the leaves and a couple
of O J Comforts
up here on the deck,
I know what good old
Southern Hospitality
is all about.
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IVAN LENDL

He's always been The Opponent, so it comes as no surprise that his best friends are his dogs. But now he's learning how to smile. And thinking No. 1.

Humorless, aloof, sullen, a quitter—Ivan Lendl's image developed almost as fast as he shot into tennis' Top 3. Only once did he reveal that it bothered him: "Even if you don't like me," he told the crowd at Madison Square Garden with plaintive dignity after winning the 1982 Masters, "I still like playing for you." Although he's won 44 titles in his brief career, went on a 44-match-undefeated tear in 1981-82 and seems firmly assured of his ranking as one of the two dominant players of the Eighties, the images that linger in the minds of most fans are of Ivan the Terrible in those weird argyle shirts blatantly tanking to Jimmy Connors in the '81 Masters. Or of Ivan the Petulant contemptuously replying to questions at post-final press conferences by snapping, "Didn't you see the match?" Tennis fans were forming betting pools on which month he'd smile, and as for which year he'd win one of the Big Four, that was off the board.

Over the last year or two, however, word has begun to filter back from tennis insiders that there is a different Lendl, a much more sensitive, intelligent and witty Lendl than the one the public sees, and that the disparity is largely a result of his unrequited love affair with the United States. "He fell head over heels the minute he came here from Czechoslovakia," says a close friend, "was badly hurt when he wasn't immediately accepted and withdrew to hide his disappointment." And as for that famous nonsmile, well, the Swedish



players don't smile much, either, but somehow an unsmiling Czech seems grimmer.

Down two sets to love to John McEnroe in the '84 French Open final, Lendl came back to win the tournament, and with that Gargantua off his back his career appears to have turned the corner. On the eve of the '85 Wimbledon championships, a more secure and more relaxed Lendl is smiling a bit more as he begins work on two things that once seemed a contradiction in terms: improving his image and just being himself.

SPORT: How do you explain the bad press you received early in your career? Did you feel you were misrepresented?

LENDL: The first tournament I won was in Houston in 1980, and there was a reporter there who wasn't interested in tennis. He was just interested in whether or not I was going to defect. When you come to play tennis, you're not ready to

talk about politics. And when you say, "I don't want to talk about politics," they say *you're* the one who's uncooperative. That's when it all started. It was a bad first experience.

SPORT: But part of your negative image came from what people saw on the court. In the U.S. Open finals in 1983, for instance, you didn't look like you were even trying when you were blown out, 6-0, in the final set. Jack Kramer was quoted as saying he was ashamed just watching it.

LENDL: First, if anyone was ashamed to watch it, who forced him to watch it? And second, people judge you without knowing what really happened. In that match, in the last set and a half, I had such bad stomach cramps that I couldn't stretch for the serve, I couldn't run, I couldn't take two steps without

pain. After the match, when I was driving home to Connecticut, I had to stop on the highway. I lay sprawled out on the hood of my car for 45 minutes with a cramp on the left side of my stomach the size of my fist.

SPORT: But you must admit that you have been accused of giving questionable efforts. Two examples are the Masters against Connors in '81 and the Davis Cup against Sweden in '84, when even your coach said you weren't trying.

LENDL: At the time, the Masters was a round-robin and both of us went into the semifinals no matter who won. People forget that I tried my best in the first set and I lost, 7-6. But then I just gave the match away because it was getting late and we both had to play the next noon. So I don't have any excuses that time, but I have to smile inside when I remember that a player named Borg also got into the semifinals by not trying and nobody said a thing. As for the Davis Cup, I wasn't at the peak of my tennis and Henrik Sundstrom simply blew me away. My coach was very silly in saying I wasn't try-

ing. Sometimes you just get beat.

SPORT: What about the Big Four? "Lendl can't win the big ones," they say.

LENDL: As for not winning a big tournament until the French Open, first, you don't even make the finals unless you play well under pressure, and second, it's not often that your opponent in a Grand Slam final is a beginner—so give them some credit for winning, don't always say I'm losing.

SPORT: But wasn't the French Open a turning point for you?

LENDL: Not really. It was just the surface and the length of the match. I don't feel I won because I suddenly learned how to win under pressure, but because I was in better shape than McEnroe.

SPORT: There was speculation that he may have lost his concentration because of his blowup with the photographers.

LENDL: I don't think that affected him. He has blowups with somebody in every match, therefore he should lose every match, right? It's the media using things both ways—Sundstrom didn't beat me, I tanked, and now I didn't beat McEnroe, he lost his concentration. It's very frustrating.

SPORT: You looked pretty tired yourself, four solid hours without a break.

LENDL: I was so tired I didn't even know where I was. In fact, I didn't recover from that match for a few months. After the match, in the dressing room, I was sick to my stomach. I was so tired I didn't even have any energy to be happy.

SPORT: Has your relationship with the press improved since the French Open?

LENDL: It's starting to change a little in the last year or two. I've started feeling more comfortable with the press, I feel I can express myself more freely and it's not going to be misused, so I've started opening up more. I used to say no to everything, but I said to my agent recently that I'd like to work on it a little more.

SPORT: Okay, what about McEnroe? He says . . .

LENDL: I just remembered another story the press got wrong. There was this story in all the tennis magazines that I invited McEnroe to ride in my car with me on a drive between Luxembourg and Antwerp and that we became much closer as a result. Well, the real story is that we were in Luxembourg, we both had to get to Antwerp, there are no planes from Luxembourg to Antwerp, I had my car, so he says, "Will you take me?" and I say, "Sure, why not?" We didn't talk much because they are always saying around the circuit how fast I drive, so I don't think

Taking Aim at Wimbledon

Throughout his career, Ivan Lendl's experiences at Wimbledon have been particularly frustrating. Although he did reach the semifinals in both '83 and '84, prior to that he had never reached the Final 16. In fact, many blame a first-round loss in 1981 for his decision to skip the tournament entirely in '82 (he was quoted as saying it was due to an allergy to grass). But now, coming off a strong spring and his two straight semifinal finishes, Lendl says he is ready to take his first real shot at Wimbledon.

On his chances for a 1985 Wimbledon title: "I feel very well prepared this year. I feel that at last I've eliminated my problems on grass. And I'll practice on grass for two straight weeks after the French Open. It's hard for people to understand how important that is, moving from one surface to another, especially from the very slow clay at the French to the very fast courts at Wimbledon. It used to be my least favorite surface by far, but since I lost some weight in the last year I move a lot better. Maybe I won't sink so deeply into the grass this year."

On the competition: "Every year there's always somebody completely unexpected who suddenly pops up at Wimbledon—Pat Cash last year, Chris Lewis the year before. I'll keep an eye on the Australians in particular, or anyone with a huge serve, but I won't name names. Confidence is so important in tennis, why should I help another guy think he has a chance?"

On his allergy to grass: "The reason I didn't play Wimbledon that year was that I felt overworked, I'd lost interest in tennis, I didn't think I had a great chance—it was the right time to take a month and a half off to prepare for summer. Anyway, I decided to play in a Pro-Am golf tournament during Wimbledon and they called me to a press conference and they said, 'Well, you're not playing Wimbledon so what are you doing with yourself these days?' I said, 'I go and play a little golf, and before that I get an allergy shot.' They said, 'What are you allergic to?' And I said, 'I'm allergic to four or five things, but mainly to grass.' So that's how the story got out that I said I'm not playing Wimbledon because I'm allergic to grass. But that was the only year I didn't play Wimbledon. If I'm allergic to grass, and that was the reason I didn't play [smiles], then I shouldn't play any other year, right?"

John was very confident. After a while he fell asleep anyway, so we hardly talked at all. Another example—the story about the fight McEnroe and I had on court several years ago. We played an exhibition match and he was using bad language toward me and I didn't like it. But that's all it was, and the press blew it way

out of proportion, saying we had this big personal grudge against one another.

SPORT: The way McEnroe tells the story, you weren't trying and he started yelling at you to stop tanking.

LENDL: I wasn't trying? Then I wonder why I beat him.

SPORT: McEnroe says that since he's gotten to know you the two of you get along a lot better.

LENDL: Our relationship is—you can't really call it a relationship—but the way we relate to each other has been improving ever since that fight. I just don't see how people in the United States, they call somebody a name and then the next day they act like they never said it. It's not the way I was brought up in Czechoslovakia—I just can't get over it that easily. Generally, we've had no problems for the last couple of years. But are we close friends? [Smiles] Definitely not. In fact, people have the wrong idea completely. We don't really know each other off the court at all.

SPORT: It must be difficult to maintain friendships with the same guys you want to destroy on the court.

LENDL: I've heard some players say, "Well, it's difficult to play this guy or that guy because we're friends." I don't have that problem, because once we walk on the court I don't care who it is, he's my biggest enemy today because he's the guy who wants to beat me and I hate to lose. But maybe that's why most of my close friends are outside tennis.

SPORT: What about Jimmy Connors?

LENDL: He has an excellent backhand.

SPORT: Okay, everybody knows there's no love lost between the two of you. He's even said, "Lendl's not known for his gutsy performances at the end. The way he acts, he has to prove to me that he deserves to be treated with sportsmanship."

LENDL: Do you know when he said that? Funny enough, he said that after the Masters semifinals in '85, when I beat him "at the end." He was just trying to mask the fact that he was tired and didn't get to the finals. I have a lot of respect for Connors as a player. As long as he leaves me alone, out of his gestures and out of his language, we'll be fine. But if he goes after me, I'm not going to like it.

SPORT: Connors has accused you of trying to hit him with the ball when he's at the net to try to intimidate him.

LENDL: [Smiles] I usually do that with McEnroe, not Connors. But that's just a play like any other play. It's exactly the same if somebody hits a hard serve at you. I just say it's a pity that Connors reacts

the way he does.

SPORT: He's also been quoted as saying that you carry grudges.

LENDL: Look, I'm really not into what Connors says, okay? He should worry about himself rather than other people.

SPORT: Jimmy Arias says he'll be glad when he gets into the Top 10 because then he'll get the good calls. Do the officials favor the top players?

LENDL: I don't know if it's because they're the top players or not. I have the feeling that it has less to do with the ranking than with the way the player behaves. When my opponents accept the bad calls without saying anything, like Mats Wilander or the other Swedes, then I seem to get good calls. But when players complain after every close call, the officials sometimes get so intimidated that they say, "Okay, I'll give it to the guy so it's quiet on the court."

SPORT: Is it tempting for you to complain?

LENDL: Oh, I definitely complain more than I used to. I don't complain if I play somebody who's very quiet unless it's a very, very bad call that I'm definitely sure about. But if somebody complains all the time and I get the feeling that I'm starting to get bad calls, I'll go up to the umpire and complain, too.

SPORT: Do you think that's why McEnroe always complains?

LENDL: [Smiles] Maybe he really believes he gets bad calls all the time and that everybody's against him. You'd have to ask him.

SPORT: What did you think of the Vilas case, where he was suspended and fined for supposedly taking under-the-table guarantees?

LENDL: It was ridiculous. They found him guilty of accepting \$60,000, for which they fined him \$20,000. In other words, they said it's not okay to accept \$60,000, but it's okay to accept \$40,000.

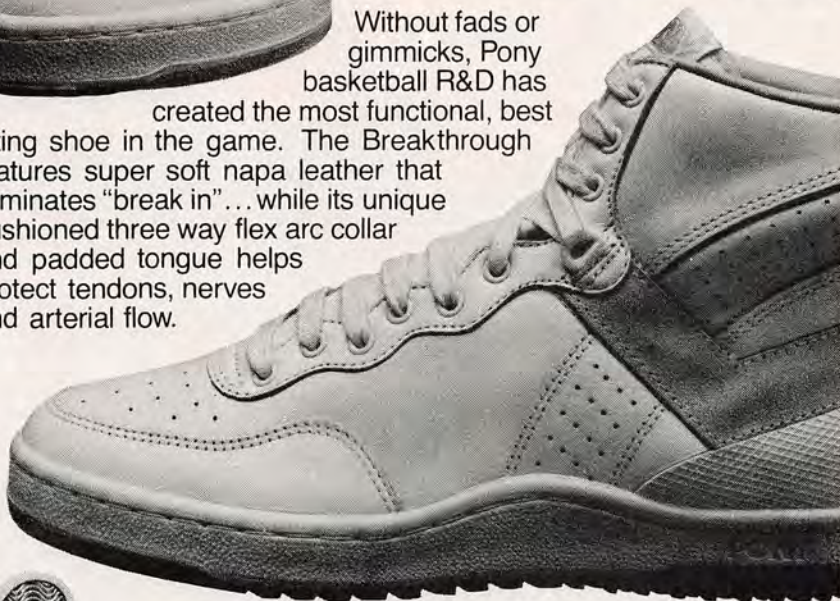
SPORT: Martina Navratilova feels that the breakdown in prize money is unfair, that most of it goes to the top-ranked players and that the players between 20 and 200 don't get enough.

LENDL: I know I'm going to get a lot of criticism for this, but I think they're trying to create too many jobs for tennis players. If somebody isn't good enough to make it into the Top 100, if he's number 170, say, and he still wants to make money, well, he should go into another profession. I don't want to sound like I think I should be getting paid more—I'm getting paid a lot—but if you're not good enough, do something else.

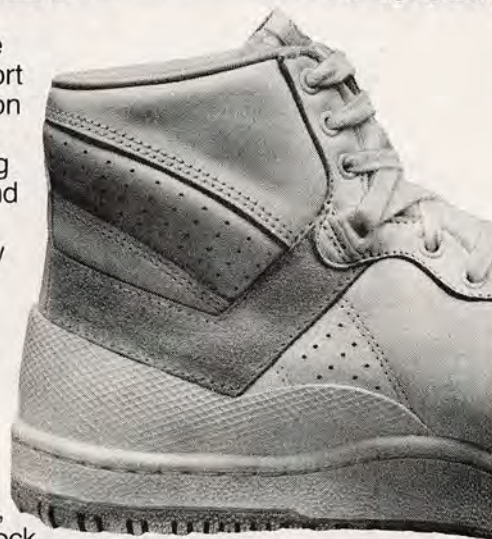
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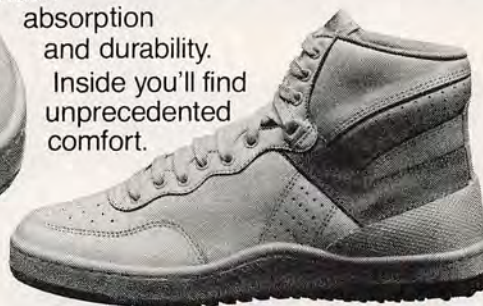
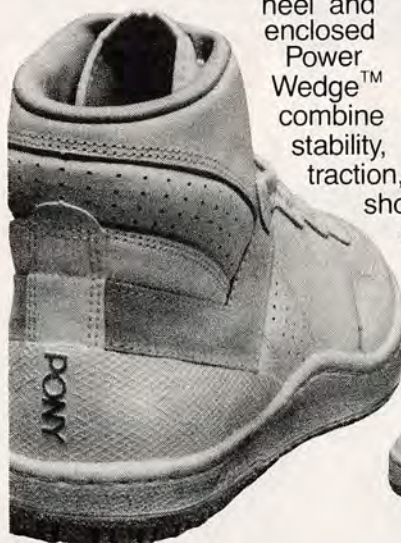


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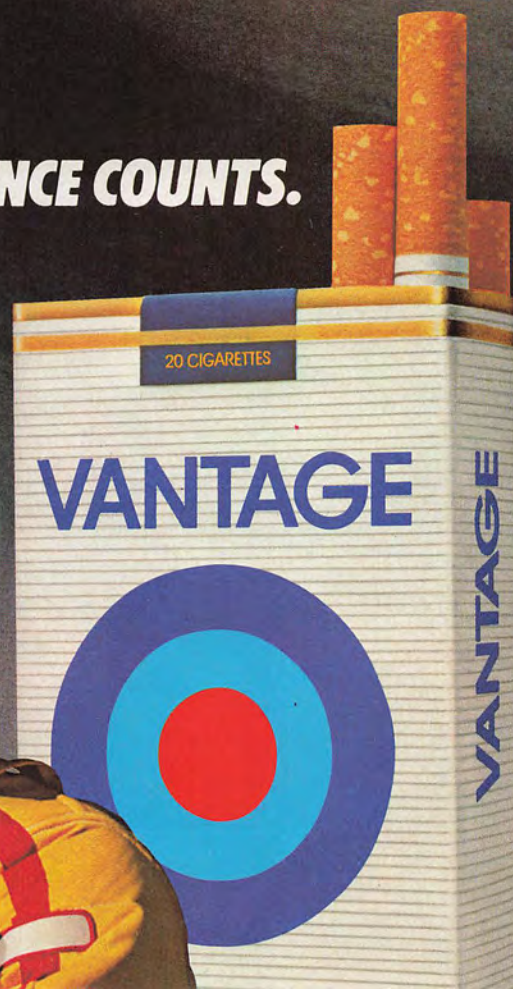
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SPORT: You're second on the all-time list, with close to \$8 million in prize money. Isn't it a little scary to be making that kind of money when you're 25 years old?

LENDL: Yes, I found it very difficult to believe at the beginning, especially where I come from. But you don't think about it. You don't go on the court and say, "Today I'm playing for \$100,000." You go out there to win, and many times after a match I've gotten the check and I had no idea it was going to be that big.

SPORT: How do you feel about the way tennis is run these days?

LENDL: There are simply too many tournaments and too many point standings. It's not just confusing for the public, it's confusing for the players, too. What I would like to do is have only 12 tournaments a year—one each month. Obviously, there would also have to be minor tournaments so players could move up and down. But there'd be, let's say, 32 players playing in the top tournaments, and if you lose in the first round three times, say, you'd have to go down to the smaller tournaments, and every winner of a smaller tournament would get a chance to play against the top guys again. I'd like to see it work like the majors and

minors in baseball. But the way things move in tennis, I won't still be playing when this happens.

SPORT: Contrary to your image, you seem to have fun giving interviews. Is it the same way on the court? You look grim but you're really having fun?

LENDL: I enjoy it most of the time. To be honest, though, I did have a period last year when I didn't enjoy it at all. I was tired all the time, I didn't know what was wrong. Finally, after Wimbledon, I went for a checkup and the doctor said, "Everything is fine, but you probably aren't eating right." So my agent called up Dr. [Robert] Haas, who made up that special diet for Martina Navratilova, and asked him if he'd make up a diet for me. He made up the diet and I started feeling much more energy within 7 to 10 days.

SPORT: Martina says that her diet had a lot to do with making her No. 1. So here's the tough one: Does it gnaw at you that every month the ratings come out and it's always No. 2, No. 2, No. 2?

LENDL: McEnroe was not always No. 1. What happened was that he improved his footwork, so his ground strokes got better. Since he can play from the back court much better than he used to, he feels

more comfortable in his serve-and-volley game. What I'm trying to do is to lift my game to match his. It's not a process that is going to take a day or a week or a month. It may take two or three years of hard work.

SPORT: Is it partly a mental problem? It's said that once you reach the Top 10, everyone has more or less equal talent, but from that point on mental toughness makes the difference.

LENDL: I don't think so. It's just that at the moment he outplays me. He's proved himself No. 1—for now. He serves better than I do and he plays the net *much* better than I do. He has more touch—I'll never be able to do what he does with the ball, that's how talented he is. But what I can do is work on my serve, work on my volley and work on my speed and stamina, so when we come to 5-love in the fifth I'll still be playing as if it's 1-all in the first. If I can do all that, I believe that when he starts slowing up I'll be ready to move up to No. 1.

SPORT: They say it's lonely at the top, but you have a second reason to feel lonely. Do you feel you've found a home in the United States?

LENDL: At the beginning it was very,

Turn your car into an



very difficult. You don't only get lonely, you also get depressed when you lose. And when you're lonely and depressed at the same time, it becomes very hard on you. I learned a little bit of English in Czechoslovakia, but when I got here I thought I was talking another language because the vocabulary they taught me was completely useless. And the habits and behavior of the people are completely different. But then you discover that life is very easy in the United States compared to other countries. It just takes time. Now I don't feel lonely at all. I feel very much at home in Greenwich, Connecticut. I have many more friends there than I ever had in Czechoslovakia.

SPORT: Most of the Eastern European pros have had to cut deals with their governments in order to stay in the West. As a Czech citizen, do you have to give part of your income to the Czech government?

LENDL: Financially, I wouldn't discuss that. We had meetings, we agreed on certain things. I am committed to playing Davis Cup for Czechoslovakia, that's as much as I'll say.

SPORT: What about political ties?

LENDL: I wasn't involved in politics in Czechoslovakia and I'm not involved in

politics here. I do form very strong political opinions, but I don't express them. They don't call me and say, "You should say this, you shouldn't say that." I say whatever I want. But I am starting to look at myself as a young man who happened to come out of Czechoslovakia and now is getting further and further away from there and closer and closer to America.

SPORT: Yet in many ways you remain formed by your Middle European background. McEnroe goes out with Tatum O'Neal and Connors is married to a Playmate, but no one even knows if you have a steady girlfriend.

LENDL: That's too private to talk about. First, I was brought up in other ways than they were. I grew up in a much quieter way. And second, maybe my private life just isn't that interesting to other people. What's interesting if somebody wakes up and goes running and plays tennis twice a day, has a massage in between, goes for a movie or dinner at night and comes back home to play with his dogs? People would be interested if I went to the discos and saw movie stars and so on, and maybe if I lost in the second round instead of usually reaching the finals I'd

have time for that. When I do have time, I have a few hobbies instead. I have five German shepherds and I'm very interested in how to train them and how to bring them up. And I also enjoy collecting art posters from the end of the last century.

SPORT: Is that how you unwind?

LENDL: I run, I play street hockey and I also listen to a lot of rock and disco on the radio. I like to read books about World War II, but the only time I look at magazines is on airplanes. Tennis magazines? I know too much about tennis to get much out of them. I'll look at one if somebody hands it to me, but I don't think very highly of them.

SPORT: One last thing. If you had to play Lendl, what would you do? Attack the backhand, use a lot of spin, draw him to the net?

LENDL: I see you want me to reveal what I think my weaknesses are. Well, if any tennis player asked my advice on how to play Lendl, I would say [deadpan], "Give him a short lob down the middle and rush to the net." ★

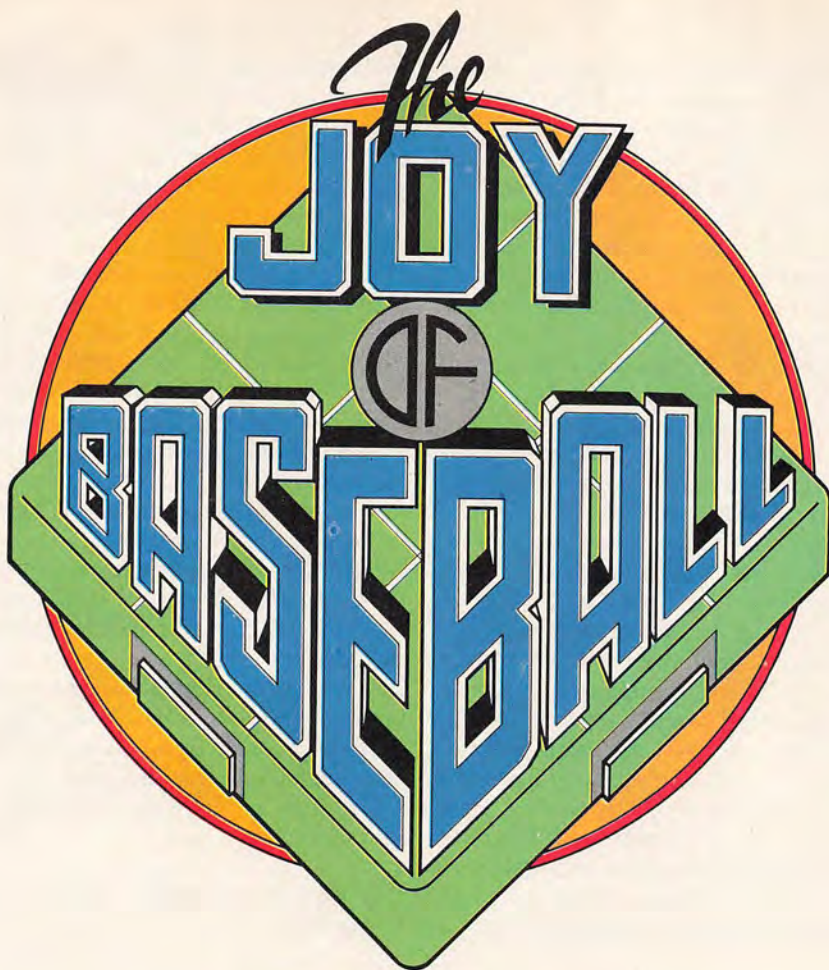
Ross Wetzsteon is a senior editor at the Village Voice.

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We know you. You're a *real* baseball fan. When you read the sports pages during the summer months you often read the box scores before you read the game stories. Why? Because you want to. Why? Well, because it's baseball.

When you're at a game you often keep a scorecard. But at the end of the game you just leave it under your seat. Why did you keep score? Because you like to. Why? Well, because it's baseball.

When you're watching a game on TV during a pennant race you start talking. To the screen, to the catcher, to the manager. They can't hear you. Why are you doing this? Because you have to. Why? Well, because it's baseball.

Look at the next eight pages. They're full of all kinds of curious information. We spent many hours compiling these facts and figures. Why? Because we thought you might need it. Why? Well, because it's baseball.

Edited by David Levine

LEADING OFF

THE STARTING LINEUP

We asked Dan Okrent, author of *The Ultimate Baseball Book* and *Nine Innings*, to pick 10 Essential Volumes for the Baseball Library. Modesty forced him to exclude his works, but you should not. Happy reading.

1 THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES, by Lawrence S. Ritter. The first book of interviews with old-time ballplayers, and still far and away the best. Sam Crawford, Harry Hooper, Lefty O'Doul—these are men who played with Cobb and Speaker, and their memories are as compelling as Ritter's superb interviewing technique.

FAN STAT I

WIENERS AND LOSERS

DON'T GO FOR A HOT DOG IF: The No. 3 batter in the order is leading off an inning in the AL, or the No. 2 man in the NL—that is when most runs are scored (31 percent of the time).

GO FOR A HOT DOG IF: The No. 5 man leads off in the AL, or the No. 7 man in the NL—few runs are scored then (less than 25 percent of the time).

ABSOLUTELY GO FOR A HOT DOG IF: The No. 5 man leads off and fails to reach base in the AL, or the No. 7 man does the same in the NL—runs will score only about 10 percent of the time.

BEST HOT DOG POTENTIAL OF ALL TIME: When the Expos' No. 6 hitter leads off and fails to reach base, the Expos score only 3.3 percent of the time, lowest in the majors. —Peter Hirdt

Yakkers

Nolan Ryan's changeup was clocked at 88 mph.

Vin Scully has broadcast 13 no-hitters, and Campy Campaneris played in 11 no-hitters.

In 1984 the Mets had a minor league player named Gene Autry who did commercials for Roy Rogers, and in 1982 they had a minor-leaguer named Ronald McDonald who did commercials for Burger King.

2 THE SUMMER GAME, by Roger Angell. Two decades ago Angell was a fan in the stands, like any other—except he was able to recount what he saw in prose that would make Orwell envious. Since then, he's become an Expert, and the sense of wonder isn't quite there anymore. In *The Summer Game*, the Best Baseball Writer Who Ever Lived had it all.

3 THE SOUTHPAW, by Mark Harris. Hollywood made a movie out of his companion, *Bang the Drum Slowly*; this one's a better book—in fact the best baseball novel I've got in my collection of over 200. (Speaking of novels made into movies, Bernard Malamud's *The Natural* is a baseball novel for English majors, just as the film made from it is a baseball movie for girls.)

4 THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Joseph Reichler. Exhaustive, authoritative, a reference book you seek out for something specific and find yourself still flipping through two hours later.

5 THE FIRESIDE BOOKS OF BASEBALL, edited by Charles Einstein. Three volumes, now out of print. Do anything to find them—calling these collections of baseball fiction and nonfiction mere “anthologies” is like calling Dwight Gooden “a young pitcher.”

6 YOU KNOW ME, AL, by Ring Lardner. No one ever had a better feel for the language of ballplayers; Lardner's stories are as vivid as they are funny—and they are extremely funny.

7 SHOELESS JOE, by W.P. Kinsella. Joe Jackson returns from the mists to

play ball in a contemporary Iowa cornfield. I can't explain more. Just trust me; a magical, glowing dream of a novel.

8 THE BILL JAMES HISTORICAL ABSTRACT, by Bill James. It won't be published 'til fall, but I've seen early proofs. If you like James' annual Abstracts, you'll be driven to crazed passion here.

9 THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL, by Philip Roth. Skip the first section and race through the last—but in between, discover more than 200 spectacularly funny pages about an invented baseball cosmos like no other ever known.

10 THE KID FROM TOMKINSVILLE, by John R. Tunis. Virtually all of Tunis' baseball novels could've made the cut. Yes, they are written for kids, but so was *Through the Looking Glass*.

MEET THE PRESS

GETTING YOUR PAPERS IN ORDER

There's nothing like a good sports section. And there's nothing worse than a bad one, particularly during baseball season. If you've got a bad one, John Gruber, a teacher in the Department of Journalism at New York University and an editor at the New York Post, is here to help. Here is his evaluation of the best.

First the criteria: We're not talking here about glitzy, statistics-filled sections, like *USA Today's*. Or if we are, they are papers where those elements just complement good coverage and, most of all, good writing. A first-rate sports section gives the reader a complete meal—a good mix of beat coverage, columns, feature stories and stats.

THE CHAMPION: *The Boston Globe*. Always offers depth and breadth of coverage, but what establishes it in first place is its huge Sunday section, where every major sport gets a full page. At minimum this includes a gigantic notes column beginning with a major item on the sport and evolving into a series of pungent notes. And the layout and graphics are often dazzling.

The *Globe* also boasts Leigh Montville, one of the best columnists in the country, and Peter Gammons.

RUNNERS-UP (a tie): The *Philadelphia Daily News* and the *Los Angeles Times*. The *News* is the best tabloid in the country. Oodles of space, enough to devote three columnists to the same event if it's merited. It's not afraid to argue that sports is life (sports stories often make front-page headlines). It also

has another of the best columnists in the country, Mark Whicker. Finally, excellent headlines with good puns.

Typical of the *L.A. Times* was its coverage last summer of the Olympics. It put out a daily Games section in addition to its regular sports section. Rich with good writers (Gordon Edes, Randy Harvey and Bill Christine, to name three) who are given lots of space. The *Times* will go far and wide for a story.

FOURTH: *The Washington Post*. Very well written, though it doesn't have nearly as much space as the Big Three. Has the best racing columnist in the country in Andrew Beyer. The section misses not having a baseball team to call its own, but it does have Thomas Boswell.

FIFTH: *Chicago Tribune*. Has the best sports gossip column in the land, “Odds and Ins,” and excellent

baseball coverage. Consistently effective use of color, a rare feat.

BEST SMALL PAPER: *Fort Lauderdale News*. Good original coverage considering size and no major home teams. On NFL draft day, for example, offered two full pages of its own analysis. Will lead with long serious pieces.

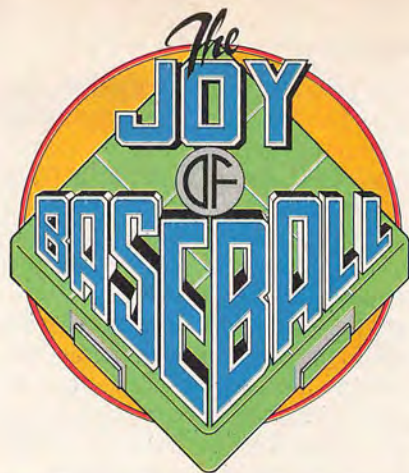
BEST OF THE SOUTHWEST: *The Dallas Morning News*.

BEST OF THE NEW YORK TABLOIDS: *Newsday*.

BEST SECOND CHOICE IN MORE-THAN-ONE-NEWS-PAPER TOWN: *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

BEST WIRE SERVICE FOR SPORTS: *Washington Post/Los Angeles Times News Service*. Any paper that subscribes to it will have some spark.





ROAD TRIP #1

THE EAST: VACATIONING FROM CRABCAKES TO COOPERSTOWN

SEPTEMBER 20, YANKEES AT BALTIMORE. Arrive in Baltimore early enough to visit the Babe Ruth Museum, a marvelous collection of Bambiniana located in the row house where the Sultan of Swat was born. Stay at the Cross Keys Inn and you'll bump into ballplayers in the hotel lobby. Get out to Memorial Stadium two hours before the game so you can park on the

extreme southern edge of the parking field across the street from the main entrance; this will allow you to avoid traffic and make it to Obrycki's before they close, for crabs and beer after the game.

SEPTEMBER 21, CUBS AT PHILADELPHIA. This day game is likely to figure in the pennant race. Give yourself time for lunch at Pat's Steaks, the best joint in South Philly for a cheese-steak. Hit the Jersey Turnpike north after the game—why spend a Saturday night in Philadelphia when New York is only two hours away?

SEPTEMBER 22, PITTSBURGH AT NEW YORK. Stay at the Excelsior Hotel across from the Museum of Natural History; only \$65 or so for a double room (an astounding bargain in Manhattan), and you'll have time for a stroll in Central Park and a gander at the dinosaurs before the Pirates-Mets game at Shea Stadium.

SEPTEMBER 23, DETROIT AT BOSTON. Boston is a four-hour drive, but the Red Sox and Tigers play at night, and you'll have time for a nap before batting practice begins. Bars near Fenway are a good place to get ready for a key game in the AL East.

SEPTEMBER 24, COOPERSTOWN. You'll arrive in time for a tantalizing peek at the Hall of Fame, just enough to whet your



appetite for a full day there on **SEPTEMBER 25.** The Otesaga is a grand, old-fashioned resort; the Cooper Inn a much more intimate hostelry. Check out all the baseball memorabilia shops, but buy your authentic team jacket at Woods—a local institution.

SEPTEMBER 26, DETROIT AT NEW YORK. Hit the road early, because you're nearly five hours away from New York—and possibly seeing the AL East pennant settled with the Yanks and Tigers on the twenty-sixth and the Orioles-Yanks on the twenty-seventh.

—Glen Waggoner

ROAD TRIP #2

THE WEST:
GO TO THE BEACH 'TIL
KINGDOME COME

AUGUST 14, CINCINNATI AT SAN DIEGO. Pete Rose might be only a few swings away from breaking Ty Cobb's record. Spend the day in Balboa Park, home of the world-famous zoo and also the Hall of Champions, with exhibits honoring local athletes like native son Ted Williams. Tailgating is the rage at Jack Murphy Stadium; pick up a Trader Jack T-shirt, in honor of GM Jack McKeon.

AUGUST 15, ATLANTA AT LOS ANGELES. An important NL West day game at Dodger Stadium. Lunch on the famous Dodger Dogs. After the game check into the Biltmore (where scenes from *Beverly Hills Cop* were shot).

AUGUST 16, OAKLAND AT CALIFORNIA. Before the game see UCLA's Jackie Robinson Stadium, where a statue was recently unveiled in his honor, and then the First Interstate Bank Athletic Foundation Museum and Library, filled with baseball treasures from bygone days.

AUGUST 17, SALINAS AT VISALIA. This Class-A game may produce a future American

League rookie of the year—Joe Charbonneau, Kent Hrbek and Kirby Puckett all played for Visalia. Added sidelight: the giant sequoias are only a half-hour drive away.

AUGUST 18, LOS ANGELES AT SAN FRANCISCO. Eat at DiMaggio's on the Wharf (Joltin' Joe himself might wander in) or at Lefty O'Doul's in Union Square, featuring lots of great baseball photos from the Twenties. Try boarding at a bed and breakfast in the classy Victorian mansions around Union Street.

AUGUST 20, DETROIT AT OAKLAND. Monday is open; Tuesday, take the BART across the Bay and leave the car parked. Many players favor Lady Esther's, a soul-food place where fried chicken is king. Later, catch the Tigers in their last West Coast visit of the year.

AUGUST 21, VANCOUVER AT PORTLAND. Stop here on the road to Seattle. The Beavers, a Phillies affiliate where Tommy John, Pascual Perez and Jeff Stone played, perform in pretty, 26,500-seat Civic Stadium.

AUGUST 22, BALTIMORE AT SEATTLE. Close to the Kingdome is McCormick's, good for a pre-game beer or two. And end your trip with a bang, watching Ripken, Murray and Lynn in one of the game's home-run heavens.

—Gordon Edes



ROAD TRIP #3 THE MIDWEST: CUBS, CATS AND LOUISVILLE BATS

JULY 26, DETROIT AT MINNESOTA. Start out with the Metrodome; it gives you a better appreciation of other ballparks. Check out the "Butter Knife" steak at Murray's. Check into the Super 8 Motel in Roseville, Minnesota. Tell them Billy Gardner sent you (he lives there during the season).

JULY 27, OAKLAND AT MILWAUKEE. It's a six-hour drive down I-94, and turn on your Fuzzbuster. One of the finer old hotels in America is the Pfister, only a block away from Karl Ratzsch's. Enjoy Ratzsch's Wiener schnitzel or join in the real fun at the park, barbecuing in the parking lot. Stop by Ray Jackson's afterward and say hello to George Bamberger.

JULY 28, BALTIMORE AT CHICAGO. Head for Comiskey Park, less than two hours down the road from Milwaukee. It's the oldest park in baseball. It may not be the world of wonders it was when Bill Veeck owned the team, but you can still get some pretty good soft-shell tacos. Once the game starts comes the real treat—seeing three of the best players in the game, Baltimore's Eddie Murray and Cal Ripken Jr., and Chicago's Harold Baines. Might as well stay downtown (the Orioles stay at the Westin) so you can be walking distance from Rush Street.

JULY 29, KANSAS CITY AT DETROIT. It's a five-hour shot east to Detroit. Once you walk into Tiger Stadium you'll feel an extra surge of energy, and a rematch of last year's AL championship series adds to the excitement. Parking is a problem, but just look for Elmer at the lot behind Hoot's (just across Trumbull from Tiger Stadium). It's safe. Stop in Hoot's for a minute before the game; that's where Babe Ruth used to have breakfast. Don't miss the Lindell AC for a drink afterward, where you can talk sports and admire the nostalgia on the wall.

JULY 30, NEW YORK AT CLEVELAND, DOUBLEHEADER. There are always plenty of empty seats at Cleveland Stadium, so spread out and enjoy a lazy night of baseball. For a quick night's rest, check out the Bond Court.

JULY 31, HOUSTON AT CINCINNATI. What's a baseball trip without watching Reds player/manager Pete Rose play? And if you're lucky, Nolan Ryan, Rose's nemesis, will be on the mound.

AUGUST 1, TRAVEL DAY. Take a little detour down to Louisville and tour the Louisville Slugger plant (now located across the river in Indiana). Then on to the Windy City.

AUGUST 2, NEW YORK METS AT CHICAGO. This has become the best rivalry in baseball and should be a key series in the NL East

race. Make sure you get your tickets well in advance. Get to the park early. Walk along the streets. Kill some time at one of the neighborhood establishments, where baseball is the basis of life. Later, get ready to hit the road. It's five hours to St. Louis. **AUGUST 3, PHILADELPHIA AT ST. LOUIS.** Get up at your leisure. Drive over through "The Hill," where Yogi Berra and Joe Garagiola grew up. Grab lunch at Musial and Biggies—yes, that Musial. Then you can see the two runningest teams in baseball on the artificial surface at Busch Stadium.



AUGUST 4, BOSTON AT KANSAS CITY. Make reservations early at the Adam's Mark (it's always full on weekends the Royals are home). It's just across the Interstate from Royals Stadium. The grass is phony, but the ballpark is beautiful. On a summer's afternoon the ball will surprise you by how well it carries. This is the Barbecue Capital of America, but the place to go is Gates and Sons (the one at 12th and Brooklyn is the best). You'll head home happy the next morning.

—Tracy Ringolsby

SHORT HOPS FIVE EASY PLACES

If you can't take a full baseball vacation, here, at least, are a few baseball stops. **COLUMBUS, OHIO.** Re-creations of the Grand Old Game, staged by the Ohio Historical Society. They play real games, as originally conceived, in replica uniforms with replica equipment.

MEDFORD, ORE. The world's largest collection of championship and team rings, at the National Sports Hall of Fame.

NEW YORK. Over 3,000 books, 100 periodicals and 500 photos dating from 1845

to 1930, at the Spalding Collection in the N.Y. Public Library. Includes the diaries of pioneer baseball writer Henry Chadwick, father of the box score.

BALTIMORE. The heart of the great Orioles teams of the 1890s can be found at the New Cathedral Cemetery, in the form of the graves of John McGraw, Wilbert Robinson (who once caught a grapefruit dropped by a plane at 400 feet), Joe Kelly and Ned Hanlon. Also on hand is Eddie Rommel, who won 27 games in 1922 for the A's, who won only 65 overall.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA. Baseball programs, clippings and autographs from the late 1800s, in the Rare Books Department at

Notre Dame. (Also, just for fun, look for the book brought back by Christopher Columbus that is bound in human skin, though it contains little about baseball.)

—Michael Berger

Yakkers

Dave Winfield was born the same day Bobby Thomson hit "The Shot Heard 'Round the World" (October 3, 1951).

A photograph of a pilot boat, a small tugboat used for guiding larger ships, navigating through a narrow channel. The boat is white with a dark hull and has the word "PILOT" written in red on its side. It has a red life preserver and a black tire mounted on its side. The boat is moving through greenish water, creating a wake. To the right, the large, dark hull of a ship is visible, and to the left, a concrete pier or breakwater is seen in the distance. The sky is a pale, hazy blue.

A world of

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg
"tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 9 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.



flavor in a low tar.



Low Tar
'Enriched Flavor'[™]
Kings & 100's.

MERIT



SHOP TALK

WHAT'S A YAKKER, ANYWAY?

AROUND THE HORN (n, adv): named for the trip ships had to take to circumnavigate South America, before the Panama Canal, by sailing around Cape Horn.

CAN OF CORN (n): when a grocer needed a can of corn, stacked high on overhead shelves, he would tip it forward with a pole, causing it to fall easily into his grasp.

K (n, v): used to symbolize strikeout, beginning in the 1860s when a sportswriter needed something other than "S", which was used for sacrifices. He decided to use the last letter in "struck"—as in struck out.

ROOKIE (n): military slang for "recruit."

SOUTHPAW (n): early ballfields were built with home plate at the western edge so the batter would not face the afternoon sun. Pitchers faced west, and the left arm therefore faced south.

YAKKER (n): a curveball; named after the yawker, a woodpecker whose flight path abruptly changes direction.

FAN STAT II

RICH FAN/POOR FAN

If you want to get the most for your ticket dollar—the most expensive ballplayers, that is—go see the California Angels play in Anaheim. We took the average player salaries of each big-league team and divided that by the team's average ticket price. Let's call the result the Fan Buck Amplifier (FBA). Angels fans get \$84,594 worth of player per ticket dollar.

With an average ticket price of \$5.10—lowest in the majors—a fan and his or her date earn \$862,858.80 worth of player salary, or the equivalent of Rick Burleson.

Here's a ranking of the top five clubs and the bottom five, based on the buying power of a fan's buck.

1. CALIFORNIA \$84,594
2. CHICAGO WHITE SOX 75,939
3. CHICAGO CUBS 75,527
4. ATLANTA 73,216
5. PHILADELPHIA 66,913

22. CINCINNATI 45,674
23. TEXAS 40,307
24. SEATTLE 30,918
25. MINNESOTA 28,719
26. CLEVELAND 27,405

—Murray Chass



Robert Redford played on the same high school baseball team with Don Drysdale (Van Nuys High, California).

MODERN TIMES UNDERSTANDING RAYGUN-OMICS

Carlton's fastball is down from 89 to 85 miles per hour. An alarm goes off—is it time to pull him? The radar gun has become the manager's smoke alarm.

"The radar gun works on the Doppler Effect, the same principle as a train getting louder as it passes you on the tracks," says Larry Hamm, marketing director of Decatur Electronics, which makes the Ra-Gun, the gun now used by 98 percent of major league baseball teams. (The old JUGGS gun, due to "an unreliability in temperature changes," seems to have passed from the scene.)

Opinions on the effectiveness and value of a gun in baseball vary. Mike Brito, special assignment scout for the Los Angeles Dodgers, says the actual number the gun records is not as important as the change it records over the course of a game. "I see a guy lose speed on the gun, I tell Al Campanis and he tells Tommy Lasorda and then they can do something about it. It's a big help."

Herb Stein, a scout for the Minnesota Twins, sees the gun as a potential crutch. "You can get too dependent on it and you can't tell location with the gun."

But the radar gun stands to become even more prominent—Decatur Electronics is now negotiating to display the gun's findings on TV. Says Hamm, "It will bring a new dimension to watching baseball on television."

—Helene F. Rubinstein

AMERICAN LEAGUE

STADIUM	CONCESSIONS	ACCESSIBILITY	SIGHT LINES
ANAHEIM STADIUM CALIFORNIA ANGELS	7	7	8
ROYALS STADIUM KANSAS CITY ROYALS	6	6	8
COUNTY STADIUM MILWAUKEE BREWERS	9	8	6
FENWAY PARK BOSTON RED SOX	3	7	8
MEMORIAL STADIUM BALTIMORE ORIOLES	6	6	6
TIGER STADIUM DETROIT TIGERS	8	7	8
COMISKEY PARK CHICAGO WHITE SOX	9	6	8
OAKLAND COLISEUM OAKLAND A'S	7	8	3
ARLINGTON STADIUM TEXAS RANGERS	7	5	7
THE METRODOME MINNESOTA TWINS	6	6	5
YANKEE STADIUM NEW YORK YANKEES	6	7	7
THE KINGDOME SEATTLE MARINERS	5	7	4
CLEVELAND STADIUM CLEVELAND INDIANS	5	7	4
EXHIBITION STADIUM TORONTO BLUE JAYS	4	6	2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

DODGER STADIUM LOS ANGELES DODGERS	8	5	8
WRIGLEY FIELD CHICAGO CUBS	6	7	9
JACK MURPHY STADIUM SAN DIEGO PADRES	7	6	5
BUSCH STADIUM ST. LOUIS CARDINALS	7	8	5
RIVERFRONT STADIUM CINCINNATI REDS	5	9	5
OLYMPIC STADIUM MONTREAL EXPOS	6	9	3
THE ASTRODOME HOUSTON ASTROS	6	6	4
VETERANS STADIUM PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES	3	7	7
THREE RIVERS STADIUM PITTSBURGH PIRATES	5	2	6
FULTON COUNTY STADIUM ATLANTA BRAVES	4	4	5
SHEA STADIUM NEW YORK METS	3	2	4
CANDLESTICK PARK SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS	5	1	3

BALLPARK FIGURES

GRADING THE STADIUMS FROM SEATS TO SUDS

KEY:

Ratings are based on a scale of 1 (lowest) to 10. Concessions include food, drink and souvenirs; accessibility includes public and private transportation, parking and ease of access; neighborhood includes location and surrounding amenities; upkeep describes cleanliness, quality and state of repair of stadium and its amenities; ambience describes overall feeling of enjoyment at the park.

WEATHER	NEIGHBORHOOD	FAN BEHAVIOR	FAN KNOWLEDGE	UPKEEP	AMBIENCE	TOTAL	COMMENT
9	9	6	5	9	8	68	The fans turn out in record numbers, although they don't always seem to know why. But not even beach-balls can spoil a totally efficient park with its own unique appearance.
6	8	8	7	9	9	67	A contemporary baseball palace, expertly designed with only one game in mind. The fountains alone are worth seeing. But why is the only grass beyond the leftfield fence?
5	7	8	7	7	7	64	An underrated pleasure in every way, County Stadium still boasts the league's top delicacy—bratwurst with sauerkraut and that secret stadium sauce. Save room for several.
5	8	7	9	7	10	64	The Green Monster is the single most dominant feature in American League ballparks. The intimacy of Fenway is worth preserving forever.
6	7	9	7	7	8	62	No fans are more vocally supportive than at Memorial Stadium, where sure-handed spectators are rewarded with, "Give that man a contract."
5	4	5	7	7	9	60	Tiger Stadium looks, feels, even smells like a ballpark should, thanks in part to the league's best hot dogs sizzling on flat grills.
4	2	5	8	8	9	59	Still the most fun—once you get inside. Exploding scoreboard and the noisiest, rowdiest fans, pumped by Nancy Faust's organ music and plenty of liquids. Concessions are an international delight.
7	6	6	6	8	6	57	The seats provide lovely views of the neighboring mountains. Unfortunately, the playing field is almost as far away. Best sound system in the league is fun to listen to.
5	9	3	5	8	8	57	A masterfully upgraded minor league stadium under spectacular Texas skies. But the fans have little spark. Perhaps they've had too many nachos in the stifling heat. Even at night it's hot.
8	7	6	5	9	4	56	Baseball in the Twilight Zone, due to the translucent ceiling and spongy turf. You'll hear the best unknown organist, Ronnie Newman, and the PA barking, "No smoking in the Metrodome!"
6	1	4	8	7	9	55	The Yankees' aura remains—the facade, the monuments and the incomparable Bob Sheppard on the PA—making a trip here worth the risks involved.
8	7	3	5	8	4	51	A large room trimmed in gray concrete; the atmosphere is grim. Maybe that's why they shoot off cannons and ring bells when the Mariners score. Someone has to wake the fans.
3	5	8	7	4	5	48	You can't describe this place without using the word "cavernous." 10,000 great fans are swallowed up by this gargantuan relic. At least they have the league's best mustard.
4	7	4	4	7	3	41	A windswept football stadium with few good seats, this is a gross injustice to Toronto's loyal but quiet fans. The crack of the bat even sounds wrong here.
8	5	7	6	9	8	64	A view of the mountains, aisles clean enough for your kitchen, Dodger Dogs and Frank Sinatra, too—a palace with but two flaws: location and the seventh-inning exodus.
5	7	4	8	7	10	63	No escalators, sure, and the fans aren't exactly always good neighbors, but if you had to see one last game before dying, you'd want day baseball in this graying but priceless heirloom.
9	7	6	6	8	8	62	Underrated charm (helped by new uniforms) and newfound panache (people are finally attending), this is suddenly one of baseball's premier theaters. And all amid gorgeous weather.
4	8	7	7	7	7	60	Superb location. You can stay downtown, stroll past the Arch and the Stan Musial statue and enter a clean, comfortable (if midwestern-staid) park. If only they'd 86 Fred-bird, their ridiculous mascot.
5	8	7	6	7	4	56	Clean, safe, efficient, easy to get in and out of—if it wasn't so boring to watch polite fans cheer a mediocre team, it would be one of baseball's hidden treasures.
4	5	7	4	7	5	50	At a cost of more than \$100 million, this is a cold, concrete abomination in which the ball is hard to see and comfort is hard to find. The magnificent subway system makes getting here better than being here.
7	6	7	4	6	3	49	Moving the fences in may create home runs, but it doesn't help a dreary atmosphere. Amuse yourself with a decent BBQ sandwich and a tour of what used to be called "The Eighth Wonder of the World."
5	5	3	7	6	6	49	Modern plasticity with grime, boos and the Phanatic. Constant promotions and an intrusive TV screen make it seem like being in a video arcade, and inside sit baseball's most heartless fans.
5	4	7	7	6	4	46	Getting in and out, with the freeway maze and downtown construction, is a big challenge. Not many try, so once inside you relax in solitary splendor, eat good nachos and watch the Bucs lose.
4	3	4	4	5	6	39	A stadium built for football (and not very well) in a dangerous area with summer thunderstorms and beer-throwing fans. Watching Dale Murphy play barely makes it worth the trip.
5	1	2	8	4	4	33	A miserable, hostile place inside and out, and it takes a hair-raising subway ride or an aggravating march over the freeways to watch all the fights in the stands.
2	2	2	6	4	2	27	Hard to get to, which is a blessing. Always cold and windy, seats are too far away; even decent cheeseburgs and sausages and day baseball don't help. Pray for an earthquake.



THE 1985 BASEBALL POLL

Dear
Uebie:

- 1 Who should select the All-Star Teams?
a. Fans _____
b. Players _____
c. Managers _____
d. The media _____
- 2 Do you approve of the new seven-game format for league championship series?
Approve _____ Disapprove _____
- 3 Should the playoffs be expanded to include wild card teams?
Yes _____ No _____
- 4 Should major league baseball expand?
Yes _____ No _____
- 5 If baseball were to expand, which cities would you most like to see get a franchise (pick two).
Denver _____ Washington, D.C. _____
Tampa _____ Indianapolis _____
Phoenix _____ New Orleans _____
- 6 Do you agree with Commissioner Ueberroth that (a) players and (b) everyone else in professional baseball should be periodically tested for drugs?
(a) Players Yes _____ No _____
(b) Others Yes _____ No _____
- 7 If there is another baseball strike this year, will your sympathies lie more with the players or the owners?
Players _____ Owners _____

IN THE BOOTH PLAY-BY-PLAY KEEPERS AND BLEEPERS

Ever wonder what you're missing by missing other teams' baseball coverage on TV? Maybe a lot. Here are the five best (and one worst) local baseball broadcast teams.

1 BALTIMORE ORIOLES ON HOME TEAM SPORTS (CABLE). HTS is only in its second year, but its production is already the best. Camera coverage is great; a left-field camera gets terrific shots of hard smashes to third base, and a low camera near home gets plays at first.

Announcers Mel Proctor and Rex Barney are good enough (though not the best). Larry King, columnist and radio talk-show host, occasionally handles interviews and is very good, and when Jim Palmer works an appearance in he adds a lot of color.

2 ATLANTA BRAVES ON WTBS (SUPERSTATION). Great video includes many unusual and innovative angles. A low, home camera provided exhilarating coverage of a Dale Murphy home run earlier this year, and a hand-held camera gets peerless stolen-base coverage.

Announcers Ernie Johnson and Pete Van Wieren are low key but smart, and Skip Caray can be sarcastically funny.

3 CHICAGO CUBS ON WGN-TV (SUPERSTATION). Outstanding home-run coverage; a low, third-base dugout camera follows the hitter all the way into the dugout and you can really feel the emotion.

Harry Caray is entertaining and re-

lates to the fan. But there "might be, could be, is" one problem: With the Cubs on a superstation, his homer style of announcing grates on non-Cubs fans.

4 SEATTLE MARINERS ON KSTW-TV. If you haven't heard announcer Dave Niehaus get excited, you haven't lived. "My, oh my," if only Phil Bradley would hit another ninth-inning, game-winning grand slam. And not only slams "fly away"; Niehaus can make a 1-2 pitch low and outside give you goose bumps.

5 BOSTON RED SOX ON NESN (CABLE). Boston gets kudos for camera work. They have a centerfield camera that just about gets inside a batter's eyeballs; it's great for reaction shots and it gets good shots of players rounding the bases. A low, first-base camera gets great shots of congratulations after home runs.

WORST: NEW YORK YANKEES ON WPIX-TV (SUPERSTATION). Not even close. Announcer Phil Rizzuto is totally unprofessional. He sometimes "scoots" home before the game ends, and scores plays "WW"—wasn't watching. But he always mentions your grandmother's birthday.

The camera coverage is hideous. Worse, the cameras don't seem to be set; with all the zooming in and out, you can get dizzy. **DISHONORABLE MENTION—CLEVELAND INDIANS ON WUAB-TV:** Everything seems distant and lackadaisical; **SAN DIEGO PADRES ON KCST-TV:** Unexciting, and there are few cutaways (fans, vendors, oddities), so it doesn't feel like you're at the game; **NEW YORK METS ON WOR-TV (SUPERSTATION):** Announcer Ralph Kiner's postgame show, *Kiner's Korner*, is the funniest thing on TV since *The Honeymooners*.

Yakkers

When Bill Lee pitched for the Red Sox's minor league team in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the trainer was Pio DiSalvo, brother of the Boston Strangler.

Send your
completed poll to:

Uebie (Union
to Expand Baseball
Interest and Excitement)
c/o SPORT
119 West 40th Street
New York, NY 10018
Results will be published in a future
issue of SPORT.

- 8 Should there be regular-season games between the leagues?
Yes _____ No _____
- 9 Do you approve or disapprove of the use of artificial turf on baseball fields?
Approve _____ Disapprove _____
- 10 Should baseball keep the designated hitter, or ban it?
Keep it _____ Ban it _____
- 11 Should beer be banned from ballparks?
Yes _____ No _____
- 12 Would you like to see lights installed in Wrigley Field?
Yes _____ No _____

AIR WAVES

KEEP
YOUR EAR
ON THE
BALL



You're driving on some godforsaken road in the dead of night in the middle of nowhere, spinning the radio dial, when through the static comes the call of some far-distant ballgame. These apparent miracles happen for a reason, however, and there is a method to getting the most out of your radio.

According to David Halberstam, VP-Sports of Katz Radio Group, ballgames often carry so far from home for several reasons. AM radio, where you find most ballgames, carries farther than FM; it carries especially well at night, when atmospheric conditions act as a mirror to bounce signals back down to earth from on high; finally, many are "clear channel" stations with no competing station in the same dial position for hundreds of miles.

Knowing all that, Halberstam offers these tips for picking

up as many games as possible on the radio:

- Be outdoors, away from town, at night.
- Go for height; the higher your altitude, the better.
- Get a digital radio, where you can actually punch in 1080 to get the Red Sox, rather than guessing if you're at the correct dial position; it will hold the signal better as well.

Here are some of the stronger baseball broadcasts to listen for:

WHITE SOX	WMAQ (670)	BRAVES	WSB (750)
INDIANS	WWWE (1100)	CUBS	WGN (720)
TIGERS	WJR (760)	REDS	WLW (700)
TWINS	WCCO (830)	ASTROS	KTRH (740)
YANKEES	WABC (770)	PIRATES	KDKA (1020)
RANGERS	WBAP (820)	CARDINALS	KMOX (1120)

FAN AT HIS BEST

NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO FAUX PAS

Finally, a little extra polish before you head out to the game. Mr. Manners offers his Rules of Ballpark Etiquette:

ATTIRE. Never wear a tie to a game, or go with anyone who does: it's like wearing your cleats to a wedding. Baseball caps are okay; big straw hats are for rodeos. Keep the upper half of your body covered at all times unless you sit in the bleachers, where there is no dress code at all.

ESCORTING. If you must take a novice to a game (say, when romance prevails over reason), make sure it's not so important a contest that you'd feel devastated at having to leave early. If you feel obligated to explain the fine points of baseball to said novice, do so in a bar *before* the game. Otherwise you'll come off sounding like Howard Cosell in front of strangers. Answer direct questions, even the dumbest ones, but *sotto voce*.

PURCHASES. If you've passed a buck half-way down a row in exchange for an 85-cent bag of peanuts, let the vendor keep the change, so as not to disturb the people next to you a second time.

CURRYING FAVOR. When buying day-of-the-game tickets at the park, tell the guy in the booth that you'll help him if he can help you—and for \$2 discover that not all grandstand reserve seats were created equal. If you still don't like your seats, go back out and walk under the

stands to a section entrance nearer home plate (you don't want to do what you're about to do in full view of management spotters in the press box). Hand the usher your bum tickets with a neatly folded five-dollar bill and ask him politely if he can find you something. Do this just before the first pitch, when he'll have a good idea of which season-ticket holders are no-shows. Remember that he's risking his job, so don't be outraged by the suggestion of a higher honorarium for a box behind the visitors' dugout. Pay it and smile. After all, there's nothing sweeter than holding tickets for section 28 while sitting in section 6.

SPORTSMANSHIP. If in going for a foul ball you should happen to trample a nine-year-old along the way, be a sport—hold the ball up with one hand so the TV cameras can catch you, then give it to the kid.

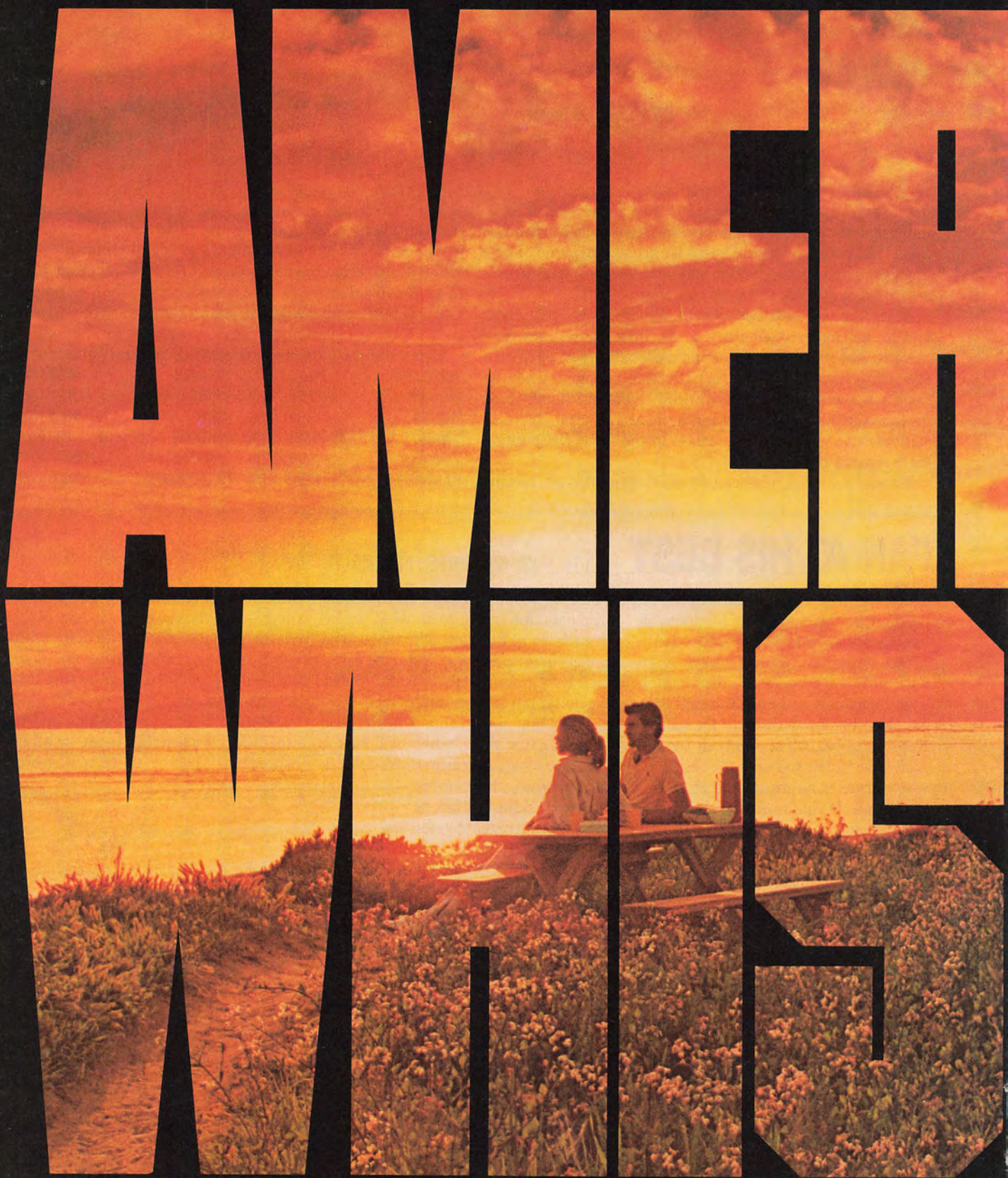
GRACE. Cheer all great plays in the field no matter who makes them, because fielding doesn't get enough fan respect.

LAW AND ORDER. The next

time a drunk throws something—anything—onto the field, finger him to the nearest security guard. The more timid folk around you will hail you as a hero, not jeer you as a fink. Just be sure that he's not there with three burly friends. **THE WAVE.** The only appropriate time for "the Wave" is when time is out—at a football game.

—Glen Waggoner





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Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life.



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REMEMBER—ALL ARE EQUAL IN ALCOHOL CONTENT

THE BEST FOOTBALL PLAYER IN ALABAMA ...IS A BASEBALL PLAYER

Auburn's Bo Jackson is an all-America running back, Heisman Trophy candidate and the best baseball player you'll never see.

by David Whitford

You dim your brights coming out of the piney woods into town on Highway 149, drive past the convenience stores and the fast-food joints, cross the railroad tracks and brake beneath the dangling red traffic light at Toomer's Corner. Across the street is the Auburn Grille, "An institution within itself since 1936." The light turns green; past the intersection two blocks at Roosevelt you make a right turn onto the campus of Auburn University. You pass the chain-link aviary that is home to War Eagle V, the Auburn mascot, and beyond that Jordan (say it *Jerden*)-Hare Stadium and drive on toward the inviting bubble of light around Plainsman Park.

You park the car in the lot behind third base and walk right in; there is no charge. You find a seat in the grandstand behind home plate. "Now batting," says the public address announcer, as if on cue, "centerfielder, number 29, Bo Jackson." And then, there he is, stepping to the plate, his 6-1, 222-pound frame tightly wrapped in Auburn home whites. You have heard that he is batting over .400, that he leads his team in home runs, that scouts rate him among the premier prospects in the na-

tion. But nothing you have heard prepares you for what you see. Bo Jackson *looks like a ballplayer*. And with that fact, the image you brought with you of Bo Jackson is snuffed out.

"Let's go, Bo!" yells a voice in the crowd.

"Base-hit 'im, Bo!"

"C'mon, Bo, need baserunners!"

You look over at the scoreboard in right field: bottom of the eighth, Auburn trails the visitors, Alabama-Birmingham, 7-6. Jackson digs in. He takes the first pitch, a strike; on the next pitch he sends a high two-hopper out over second base. By the time the shortstop can set to throw, Jackson has beat him for a base hit. (He has been clocked from the right side of home to first in 3.8 seconds, a half second better than the major league average from the *left* side of the plate.) But what's this? Bo is circling back toward the bag, limping. It appears to be his right hamstring.

That will be all for Bo tonight. He watches from the bench while Tim Lemons, batting next, jerks a home run over the fence in left-center to put Auburn on top, then Bo walks to the end of the dug-out and off the field. You catch up with him in the parking lot, on

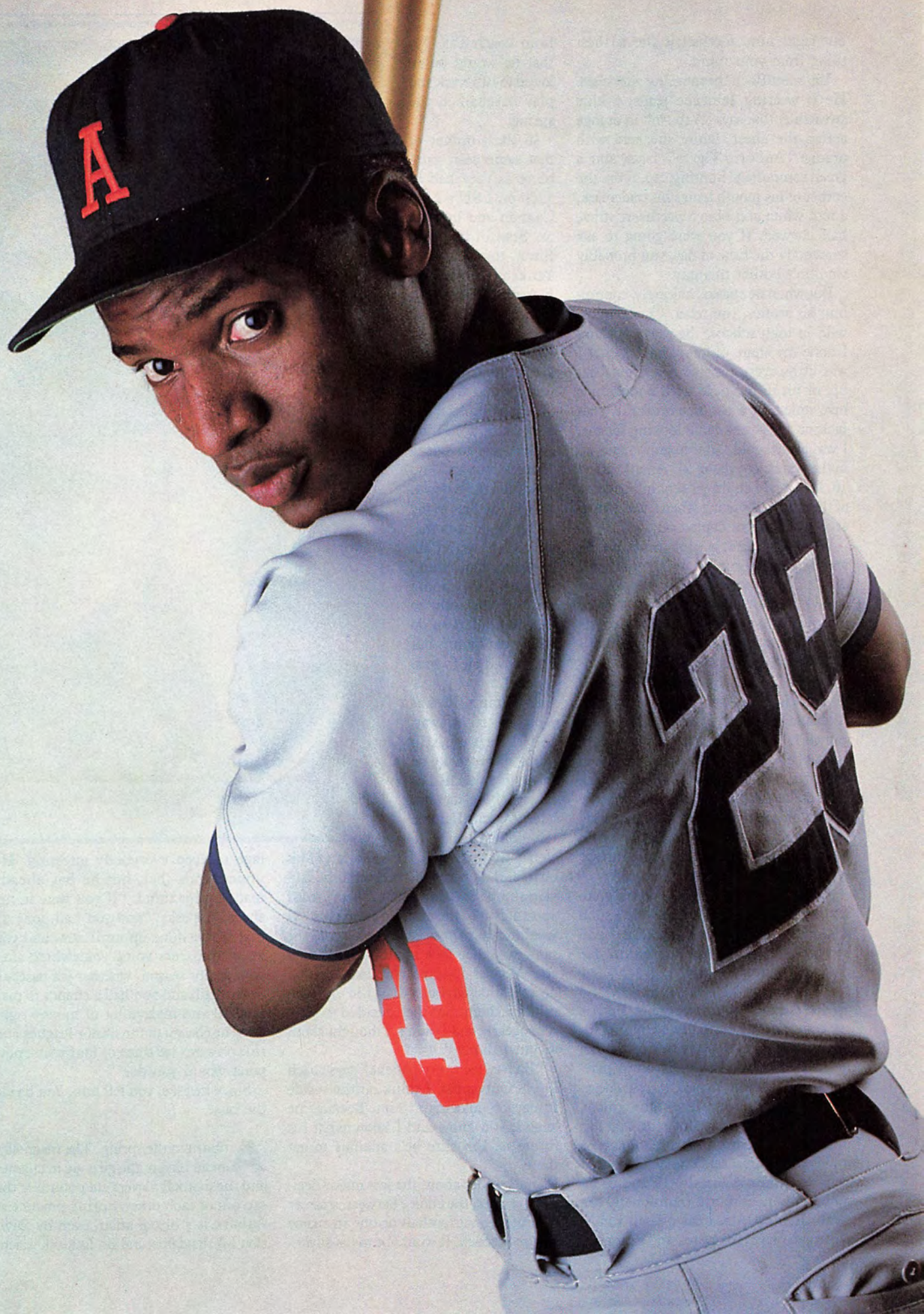
his way to the lockerroom.

"How's the leg, Bo?"

"Oh, it's all right," he says. "I just know when to stop."

And you remember. Baseball is not his game. Bo Jackson has other plans.

By reputation, inclination and the momentum of the SEC, Bo Jackson is a football player, the state of Alabama's answer to Georgia's Herschel Walker and Mississippi's Marcus Dupree. After a spectacular sophomore season in which he rushed for 1,213 yards (7.7 yards per carry), scored 12 touchdowns and led Auburn to the Southeast Conference championship and a victory in the Sugar Bowl, Bo Jackson began 1984 as a leading candidate for the Heisman Trophy. It was not to be. Doug Flutie and a separated shoulder got in the way. But by season's end, Bo was back, rushing for 118 yards and a touchdown against Alabama and 88 yards and two touchdowns against Arkansas in the Liberty Bowl, for which he was named most valuable player. In 1985 he is again a candidate for the Heisman. The NFL and the USFL are standing by, waiting to offer him millions. You appreciate that,



but right now, football is the farthest thing from your mind.

You meet Bo in the morning after class. He is wearing Jordache jeans, a blue sweatshirt that says "Auburn" in orange across the chest, white sneakers with orange "Auburn Tigers" laces and a green camouflage hunting cap. From the corner of his mouth hangs his trademark, a red, white and blue Sweetheart straw, half chewed. If you were going to ask somebody the time of day, you probably wouldn't bother this guy.

But when he speaks, haltingly, controlling his stutter, you relax. "I was buckwild in high school," he says. "I think I done my share of being bad. When I was little, every time someone got beat up, or hit in the head with a rock, or a bike stolen, or a window broken...that Jackson kid—they came looking for me. I was always told, 'You're gonna end up in the pen before you're 21.' After I turned 16, I realized I could get sent off for some of the stuff I was doing when I was younger. I just kind of cooled out."

When Bo wasn't getting in trouble, he was playing sports. He found out that it didn't matter what game it was, he was always the best. "I've been running and jumping and throwing all my life," he says. "Everything comes easy to me. I really don't have to work at it."

Consider what Bo accomplished his senior year at McAdory High in McCalla, Alabama, a suburb of Birmingham: He gained 1,173 yards on 108 carries to earn all-state honors at halfback and he played defensive end; he set four individual state records in track and field and won the decathlon for the second year in a row; and when he found time to play baseball, he batted .447 and hit 20 home runs to tie the national home-run record.

He has excelled at every physical challenge he's tried. Except one. "He's such a talented, coordinated athlete," a friend confides, "but, he's got no rhythm. He dances like a white guy."

That didn't stop the recruiters. Bo was contacted by virtually every college football power in the country, even though he seemed committed early on to playing for Bear Bryant in nearby Tuscaloosa. But two weeks before the signing date, an Alabama assistant let slip that Bo might not start until his sophomore or junior year. "I just said, 'To hell with it,'" says Bo, who was already 19 and in no mood to wait. Auburn, traditionally the weak sister in Alabama, offered him a chance to play right away—and a promise

from coach Pat Dye that he would be allowed to run track and play baseball in the spring.

In the summer of that same year, gambling as they had in 1980 on LSU's Billy Cannon and in 1981 on Stanford's John Elway, the New York Yankees chose Bo Jackson in the second round of the June free-agent draft. They offered Bo—the son of a Birmingham steelworker and a motel chambermaid—a quarter of a million dollars just to sign a Yankees contract. And he turned them down.

"I'm the first in my family to go to a major college on an all-expenses scholarship," Bo says. "My mom said, 'If you want to play baseball, you do what you want,' but she wanted me to go to college."

At Auburn, Bo was a big star right away, and there were still more choices to be made. He watched as Herschel Walker and, later, Marcus Dupree left college early to sign with the USFL. He had offers of his own, and he nearly signed with the Birmingham Stallions after his junior season. But in the end, Bo stayed put. "I wouldn't want people to look at me the same way they look at Herschel Walker and Marcus Dupree," he explains. "I don't think anybody has the right to criticize them, but they decided to leave school early and I didn't. I thought about it, but I didn't."

"Bo has been very patient," says coach Dye. "Outwardly. I think on the inside it may be gnawing at him. Because he knows, you know and I know what his future is. I'm sure he's anxious to get there."

You wonder about the last major decision he faces, the choice between a career in professional football or one in major league baseball. It would be to his advan-



tage to keep everybody guessing. He understands that, but he has already made up his mind. "If you were in my shoes," he asks, "and you had done all that I have done up until now, and you knew you were going somewhere after your senior season, whether it's baseball or football, and you had a chance to play football and make a lot of money right away or else go to the minor leagues and ride on a bus for three or four years, now what would you do?"

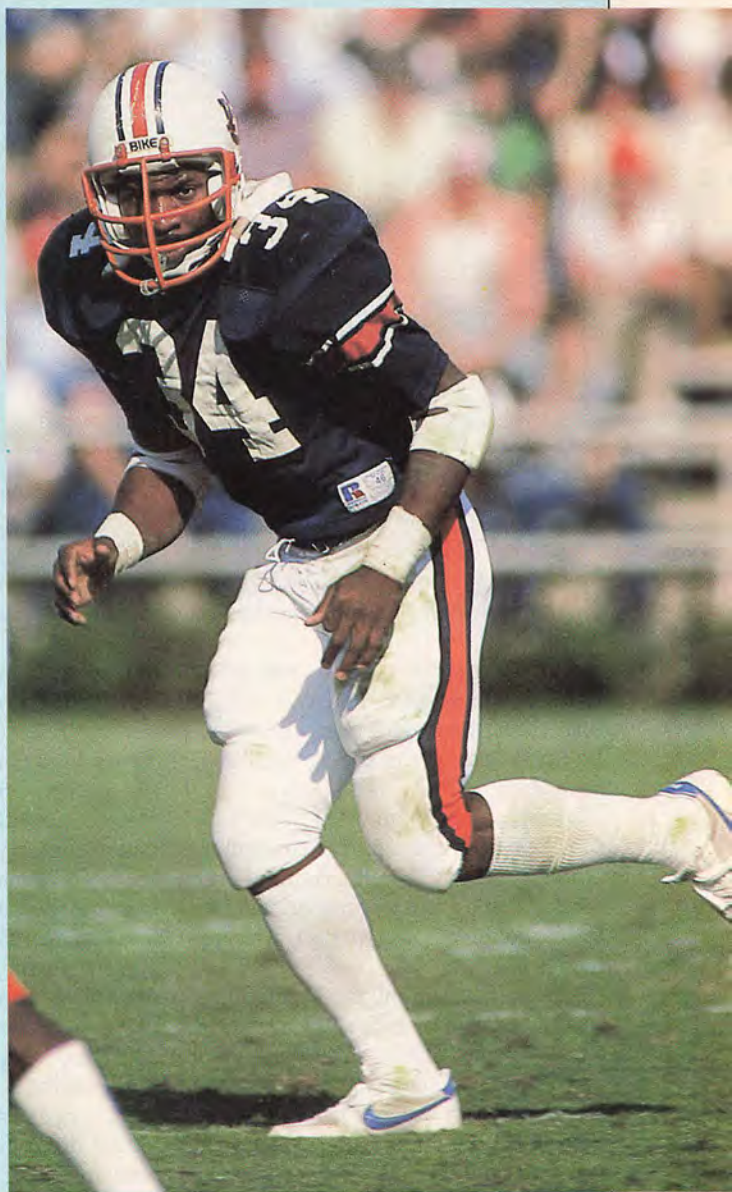
Since he asks, you tell him. You'd ride the bus.

Auburn in the spring. The magnolias are in bloom, the girls are in culottes and the football players are pounding the sap out of each other. Spring practice at Auburn is a brutal affair, even by Division I-A standards, and Bo Jackson, watch-

If You Were in Bo's Shoes...

	MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL	NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE
AVERAGE LENGTH OF CAREER	6.5 years	4.1 years (running backs)
JOBS AVAILABLE	729	1,372
AVERAGE SALARY	\$392,408	\$160,000
AVERAGE FIRST-YEAR SALARY	\$51,908	\$81,780
AVERAGE SIGNING BONUS, FIRST- ROUND PICK	\$100,000 (estimate)	\$903,000
CHAMPIONSHIP EARNINGS	\$51,831.36 ('84 Tigers)	\$64,000 ('84 49ers)
ALL-STAR EARNINGS	Zero	\$10,000 (Pro Bowl winners); \$5,000 (losers)
PENSION PLAN	Qualify after one day on a major league roster After four years service: \$818 per month at age 55	Qualify after four seasons; at least three games played per season After four years service: \$600 per month at age 55
FREE AGENCY	Qualify after six years; limited com- pensation for players among top 30% at each position	Qualify immediately; strict compensation restricts movement
SALARY ARBITRATION	Qualify after two years	Does not exist
WORK DAYS (TRAINING CAMP & REGULAR SEASON)	228	172
DAYS ON THE ROAD	125-130	65

—John Scuderi



ing with you from the sidelines, doesn't like it any more than you do. "I'm glad that I'm playing baseball right now," he says, "instead of being out there banging heads."

"Out there," the Auburn football team is acting out en masse the mating ritual of the bighorn sheep. Jackson, still unable to play two days after pulling his hamstring, has wandered over from the baseball diamond to have a look. He plants his feet wide apart, folds his arms and watches intently. "There isn't half as much noise on the baseball field as there is on the football field," Bo says. "Everything is intense here. Quick, quick, quick. There's all that cussing. Coaches cussing players, players cussing coaches, players fighting each other, coaches saying, 'Just let 'em go at it, they got on those pads, they can't hurt each other.' Baseball prac-

tice, you just go out, run a couple of sprints, take a round of outfield, two or three rounds of BP, run a few more sprints and you're through. You get out on the baseball field and you're at your own pace."

Bo would prefer to take everything at his own pace. He hates practice. And it makes sense. He has the kind of ability that must make all the drudgery seem like just so much wasted effort. He can bench press over 400 pounds but almost never works out with weights. Herschel Walker is the same way and, like him, Bo seems to survive on a steady diet of popcorn, potato chips and crunchy-munchies (the only thing he won't eat is spinach). But Herschel, at least, does push-ups and sit-ups; Bo doesn't do anything.

At first this was difficult for the Auburn football staff to accept. They worked

him just as hard as anybody else, pushing him to go all out in practice and jumping on him when he slacked off. They almost lost him. Midway through the fall quarter of his freshman year Bo borrowed a friend's car and drove to the bus station, intending to buy a ticket home. He was tired of being pushed, tired of the brutal routine between games, just plain tired of football. He sat in the bus station for six hours.

"I started thinking of all the people back home," he says. "What if I was to just up and go home after I proved myself in high school and I proved myself up to that point? They would be disappointed in me and probably see me as one of the regular kids in the neighborhood, one of the guys that had a chance to go to college and play football, baseball, whatever, and maybe make it to the big leagues, but



The baseball life suits Bo, but he just doesn't have the time.

didn't. Right now, they're not doing nothing, working for the city, stuff like that. I don't want to live that type of life." So Bo Jackson got in the car and drove back to campus.

In time, Auburn adjusted to Bo Jackson. "Midway through his sophomore year," says Bud Casey, the running-back coach, "that's when we came off him. We let him go more at his own pace, whatever he felt like."

"I have never in my life been around an athlete like that," concedes Coach Dye, a little uncomfortably. "You stand there and tell me you know how to train a guy like that to run the football and be the best he can be on Saturday and I wish you'd tell me, because I don't know. I think he has tuned that body and he knows how that body responds better than I do. I think you're fooling with some very delicate mental and physical preparations when a guy like that gets ready to play. And I'm not going to question him as long as he's not a distraction to the other coaches and players. Of course, our practice is more intense than anywhere else in the country. We're an intense coaching staff. Not pushing a guy to the limit on the practice field goes a little bit against the grain with us."

Coach Dye is more comfortable with a thing known as The Auburn Creed, which is much in evidence around the Auburn athletic department. He has a framed copy that hangs on the wall behind his desk. It was written by George Petrie, who coached the first Auburn football team in 1892. "I believe," it begins, "that this is a practical world and that I can count only on what I earn.

Therefore, I believe in work, hard work." But Bo Jackson was meant to play.

Two hours before the game, the skies are threatening rain and already the place is crawling with scouts. Tonight's doubleheader with Mississippi State is the region's main event. State is ranked fourth in the nation. Two of their players, first baseman Will Clark and rightfielder Rafael Palmeiro, are projected first-round draft picks. But the bus from Starkville isn't even here yet. What are all those bird dogs yapping about? You sidle on over to the Auburn dugout and listen in.

Dick Egan, national crosschecker for the Major League Scouting Bureau, is all fired up, telling a story about the time he scouted Bo Jackson in high school. "There was a boy on third base," he is saying, "and the kid at bat hit a pop fly about 30 feet behind third base. Jackson was playing shortstop. He got back on the ball, waited for it to come down, got tired of waiting, jumped for the ball"—Egan jumps too—"and it hit him on the heel of the hand and ricocheted away from the play. The little kid on third was tagged up and he started running. Jackson pounced on the ball in a heartbeat"—Egan pounces—"and then threw from the ground"—Egan throws from the ground—"and I swear the ball never got any higher or lower. He just threw a clothesline and threw the kid out by 15 feet. It was a display of athletic ability, of arm strength and, of course, of his inability to handle the pop fly."

"He was just awesome in high school," puts in Ken Gonzales, who scouts the Southeast region for the Kansas City

Royals. "I was always kind of afraid he might hurt somebody, he's so strong. He's just a fascinating athlete."

Now coach Hal Baird is telling a story about the longest home run he has ever seen. Auburn was playing Georgia in the first night game ever at Foley Field in Athens. The partisan crowd was giving Bo a hard time. But he silenced them when he stepped to the plate in the third inning and blasted a ball that caromed off the brand new set of lights in dead center, 425 feet from home plate, 85 feet above ground. "Bo's not really a polished baseball player right now," says Baird, a pitcher for six years in the Indians' and Royals' organizations. "He is an unrefined talent. But he is without doubt the finest talent I have ever seen."

"I gave him three eights [on a scale of two to eight] in high school," Egan adds, "in power, arm and speed. His fielding was weak and his instincts were weak—they probably still are—but fielding is the easiest thing to teach, so that isn't a problem. He just has to learn the game. But the physical tools? Jesus Christ, you could scout for years and years and never see a guy like that."

You listen to more mythic tales from the scouts, hear them prophesy that he could be a franchise player and you feel like you are hearing the start of a legend. You hear them swear that with just one word from Bo himself he would be the first player chosen in the upcoming baseball draft.

You don't expect to hear that word. But at least tonight you get to watch him play. Four long days after the hamstring pull Bo is back in the lineup. Then why do you feel so sad? Because here, on an obscure diamond in a tiny Southern town, is all anyone will ever know of the baseball career of Bo Jackson.

Auburn wins the first game with two runs in the bottom of the seventh. Now, in game two, the score is tied in extra innings. With a runner on, Bo Jackson walks to the plate. He is just one for six this evening, with a line single in game one. As he settles in, you see how loose he is, wiggling the fingers of his gloved left hand at the catcher, gyrating his hips like a seductress. The first pitch is a called strike. The second pitch is a slider, down and away: suddenly, violently, he explodes, arms fully extended, and launches the ball high and deep toward right-center. It rises higher, grows brighter, then pierces the bubble of light and disappears into a grove of pines. ★

"I found a road to college that's making me feel exhilarated, exhausted and proud."

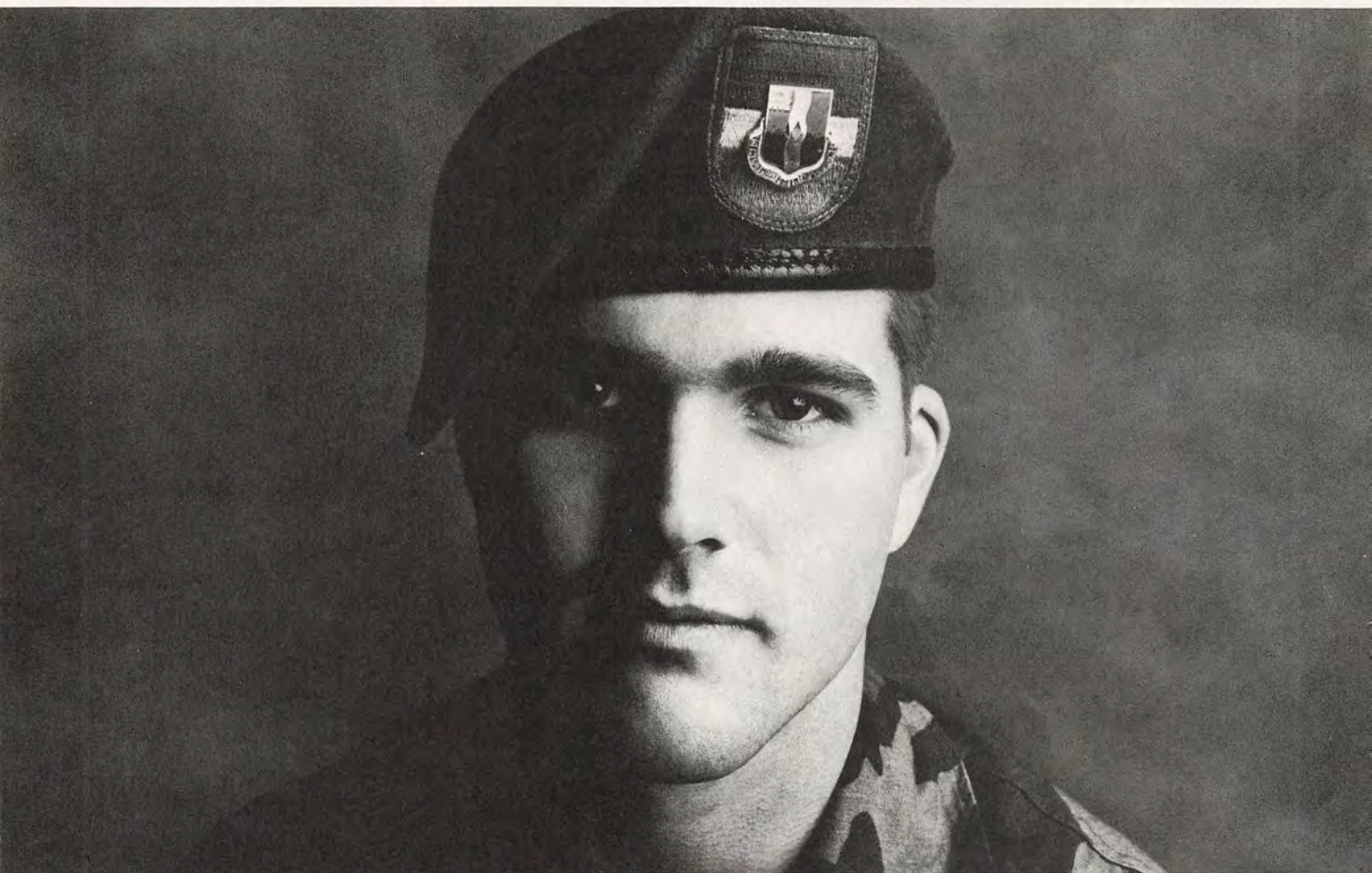
SP4 Mark Butcher, Airborne Scouts

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THE MOUSE THAT ROARS



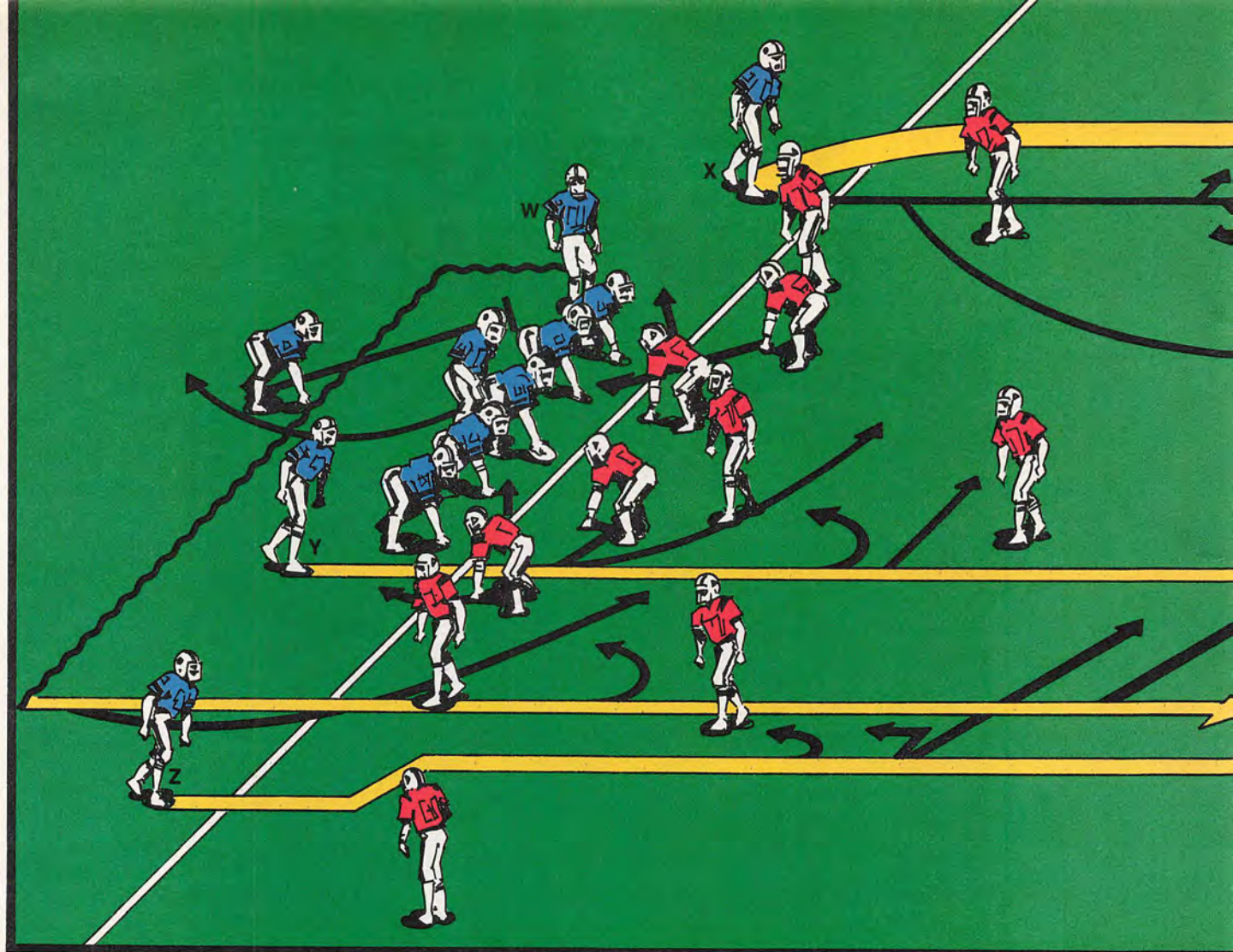
The lights of Mile High Stadium glint off the squirrelly, darting eyes of Darrel (Mouse) Davis, the head coach of the Denver Gold, as he scurries down the sidelines, nervously jawing a wad of gum any sixth-grader would envy. The wire trailing from his headset tails him like a thin shadow. At 5-9, Davis is dwarfed by most everyone around him, but it is his voice that fills the sidelines, peppered with precisely placed expletives. "Jesus Christ," he curses the nearest official. "What the hell are you looking at, 32? Three cheap shots in a row and you can't see one of them!" It

Mouse Davis has created a monster of an offense in the USFL. And it's making the NFL a little nervous.

by J. David Miller

hasn't taken Mouse long to get up to speed; the Gold are in only their first offensive series against the Los Angeles Express. They have gone 16 yards in two plays and face second-and-five at the Denver 46.

"Rip 33 kick," Davis mouths to his quarterback, Bob Gagliano. Davis wheels, pressing the headset tighter against his left ear. He is conversing with offensive coordinator June Jones III, a former Atlanta Falcons quarterback whom Davis coached at Portland State. Jones, watching from the press box four stories above the field, has detected a flaw in the Express' coverage. Meanwhile, fullback Bill John-



son bursts off left tackle for eight yards and a first down at the L.A. 46-yard line. The game plan is working. "X-slide," Davis signals to Gagliano.

The call filters down the sideline. "Sheeeeeeit," says defensive tackle Reggie Singletary, who is bouncing on his toes in anticipation. "Gon' score right here!" Gagliano sets the offense. "Sehhhhhtttt... Go!" Four wide receivers—only one taller than 5-9—scatter in every direction. Gagliano rolls to his left, then fires the ball to Leonard Harris, who has ducked inside the man-to-man coverage. Harris makes the catch, eludes the cornerback and outruns the rest of the defense for a 46-yard score. Mouse raises two clenched fists aloft. The kick is good; Denver 7, Los Angeles 0. "Crank that sonuvabitch up," says Singletary as he buckles his chinstrap. "Eight hundred yards tonight!"

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Mouse Davis (the nickname is his brother's doing; by high school his teachers didn't know his real name) is seated behind his desk in the Denver Gold offices, a converted elementary school in suburban Commerce City. He

doesn't talk like a mouse; his rich baritone is slow and deliberate, almost mesmerizing. "Y'know," says the 52-year-old coach, "I've never found a kid I couldn't work with. When I talk to my compatriots in coaching, they tell me players aren't smart enough to do what we ask them to do, but dammit, they are smart enough. You believe in them, and they'll play for you."


Davis' faith is significant. Throughout his coaching career his players have been the only ones who have believed in *him*. Davis is the architect of the contemporary Run 'n' Shoot offense. For 26 years he has utilized four wide receivers, never a tight end, one running back and enough passing to ring up scores like a pinball machine. It sounds crazy, but it works.

As a high school coach in Portland, Oregon, Davis won four league championships in nine years and a state title. He brought the Run 'n' Shoot to Portland State in 1974 and in six years under Davis the Vikings set 20 Division I-AA offensive records. Davis took over as offensive coordinator of the Houston Gamblers in 1984. With Jim Kelly pull-

ing the trigger on the Run 'n' Shoot, Houston scored 79 touchdowns and 618 points on 5,311 yards passing and 7,684 total yards, all American professional records. This year, Davis has supercharged the anonymous Gold offense and kept the team near the top of the USFL West all season. But until he is tested in the NFL, there will always be doubters.

"I look forward to competing at the highest level of competition, which is the NFL," Davis says. He may get his chance, and sooner than he thinks. The USFL's decision to move to the fall has cast doubt on the future of the Denver Gold and could make a free agent out of Mouse Davis. The Run 'n' Shoot offense: coming soon to a stadium near you?

"Mouse Davis offers a new concept to pro football, something it desperately needs," says Don Klosterman, president and general manager of the L.A. Express and for 12 years a general manager in the NFL. "Many NFL clubs have asked me for our game films of Denver and Houston and ask me how this offense can be stopped. Well, if you have a guy under center with talent and a quick gun, it's



How Mouse Would Foil the Cowboys' Flex

Rip 61-X-Choice: Third-and-inches. Cowboys, thinking run, line up in 4-3 Flex. Mouse wants WR (X) one-on-one with right CB. W (in motion), Y and Z go right, overloading strong side. Quarterback rolls left, X reads coverage and chooses best route.

all over. You can't stop it."

Still, not everyone is ready to embrace the offense of the Nineties. Many, including the Dolphins' Don Shula, scorn Mouse's principles and ridicule his "sandler" ideas. "Don hasn't seen the game films," Davis says, erupting into raucous laughter. "Shula says we pass too much? Didn't anyone watch the Super Bowl?"

Okay, okay," Davis answers the voice in the headset. "Listen, June, on the goal line L.A. either runs man-under, man-under with the safety up tight or they blitz. Every time. The go route is wide open. Whadda ya think?" Davis snaps his gum, listening patiently. "Great. Here we go." The Gold are facing second-and-eight at the Express 9-yard line. "61-X-Go," Davis orders. Seconds later the quarterback rolls left, capping the 10-play, 82-yard drive with another touchdown pass to Harris, this one threaded among a trio of defensive backs.

Two series later Denver is stopped by a tipped pass that results in a freak interception. Mouse swears impatiently. "Take away our mistakes, and we're win-

ning 30-0 by now," he says to no one in particular. "Bobby...hey, Bobby," the coach yells to Gagliano, "June wants you on the phone."

"June said the option is open," the quarterback tells the coach as he gives back the headset. Davis, calm again, nods in agreement. "Next series, we go to option motion...gonna pin the defense's ass to the wall." He looks at his Mouseketeer receiving corps. "Let's see some speed out there," he urges. "Blow by the sons of bitches. And one more thing," he says, pointing to his lips. "Score."

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The Run 'n' Shoot offense was conceived in 1958, when Glenn (Tiger) Ellison, a high school coach in Middletown, Ohio, first posted two wide receivers on each sideline and two slotbacks just outside each tackle. One slotback went in motion on nearly every play, lessening the defense's ability to disguise coverages. The formation overloaded three receivers on one side of the field, with each receiver able to "convert" to seven possible routes.

In 1965, as the freshman coach at Ohio State University under Woody Hayes, Ellison wrote the first version of *Run and Shoot: The Offense of the Future*. Davis, then coaching high school in Oregon, read the book. "I stole his idea with the two slots and two wideouts," he admits. "But most of the similarities stop there. He still ran the ball much more than we ever did. But most of the stuff we use has been stolen from somebody, it's just all been merged together in a workable, functioning package."

"The single biggest difference between our offense and any other is the route conversions. We're going to change, depending on the coverage the defense gives us, and run a variety of routes off that coverage. We don't care if you're playing zone, man-to-man, man-under-zone, it doesn't matter. Essentially, we'll run where you ain't."

The basic formation never changes; first-and-10, second-and-inches or third-and-25, "we make the opposition defend the pass first, the run second," he says. "And just when we get you thinking about the pass, we open up the run. Our running is successful simply by the element of surprise."

Mouse unveiled his offense in the early Sixties at Milwaukee High School in Portland, utilizing "a bunch of kids who were more excited than thugs at a switchblade sale," Davis says. "It gave them a chance to use their talents, to throw and

catch the football. It requires more thinking than any other offense."

That, and a coach who believes in his players. "Kids can play in our offense who can't play anywhere else," says Davis. "I was thinking the other day about the L.A. Rams. Just once, I wish I could have a couple of Ron Browns or Henry Ellards, one Eric Dickerson and one Jeff Kemp or Dieter Brock. With that kind of superior talent, you couldn't make a defense good enough to stop us."

Ironically, it's not the pass, but the run that is killing the star-studded Express. Their defense, loaded with NFL veterans and young talent taken in last year's draft, is slowly proving incapable of stopping the Run 'n' Shoot. Davis' offense, meanwhile, a patchwork of free agents, no-names and tryout-camp survivors, eats up the field like a lawn mower gone mad.

With only seconds remaining before the half, Denver leads, 17-0, and Johnson has rushed 11 times for 79 yards. "You love to run, don'tcha Billy," Davis says, slapping him on the helmet. The fullback, the Gold's 1984 seventeenth-round draft pick, didn't even play football his senior year at Arkansas State. By mid-season, however, he was second only to New Jersey's Herschel Walker in total yards rushing. "Get those mothers thinking pass," Davis says, "and we'll turn you loose on those defensive backs."

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When Davis took over as head coach at Portland State University in 1975, he inherited a team with a record of 57-76-1 since 1961 and a budget so small it wasn't even fit for a Mouse. "At Portland State, we had no scholarships, no money, no nothing," remembers June Jones. "We excelled with major-college rejects against schools carrying 90 scholarships. We were undersized, we were outmanned, and week after week we would physically get our butts kicked. But you'd look at the scoreboard after the game and we'd be winning by 20 points." The 1980 team won by margins of 93-7, 105-0 and 75-0.

In 1977, a walk-on (all PSU performers were walk-ons) named Neil Lomax earned the starting quarterback berth. In 42 games over four years he passed for 13,220 yards, 106 touchdowns and a 58.4-percent completion ratio. Lomax set eight NCAA records in his college career, including most completions (938), most 400-yard games (12), most 300-yard games (28) and most 200-yard games (28). In 1981 he was drafted by the St. Louis Cardinals, and went on to become an all-

pro. "It's unbelievable what that offense can do," says Lomax. "It's great with a fair quarterback and simply unstoppable with a great quarterback."

The ball has barely left Gagliano's fingertips when he is torpedoed to the turf by an Express defender. "You all right, kid?" Davis yells. "Get up, baby. Suck it up time." Gagliano shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs. He faces third-and-five at the Los Angeles 30. "61 Choice Special," calls Davis. Gagliano nods. Seconds later Harris scampers into the end zone for his third score of the night. "Thank you, God. Thank you, God!" roars offensive line coach Steve Axman, hands clasped, head held skyward. Harris has a club record 180 yards receiving with 8:51 left to play in the third quarter and the score 30-0. He collapses on the bench, beads of sweat trickling from his brow as he heaves for air. "Is...this...great...or what?" he exhales. "Wooweeee... we doin' it, just like Mouse said."

The Express so far have used five, six

and seven defensive backs in an effort to stop the Run 'n' Shoot; they have blitzed one, two and three linebackers and various combinations of defensive backs; they have shown multiple defensive looks, all to no avail. Now, in total futility, they revert to a basic 4-3 defense. "They're givin' up, Coach," laughs offensive lineman Mike Nease. "They're quittin'." "Well we're not," snaps Davis. "We still have a quarter to go. Gotta stay sharp." But as he turns from his players, his face breaks into a broad grin.

• • •

The voice of Chicago Bears defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan, creator of the 46 defense and an NFL defensive wizard for nearly 20 years, is barely audible above the long-distance static on the phone line. "The Run 'n' Shoot," he mumbles. "Big deal. Most pro receivers and quarterbacks read coverages, or they're not pros. That's nothing new. Let me tell you something"—Ryan lowers his voice—"we have ways of disguising our coverages and blitzes. If they have four

receivers in the game, we'll be in our 46 defense with our nickel package. If they come in with wideouts, we come in with defensive backs. We'd run all our coverages and pass defenses at them, with various blitzes to slow down their timing. In the NFL it would only be a matter of time before all us defensive folks would catch on. Then that would be it."

End of discussion? Not quite. Ryan may be skeptical, but you can look for the Bears' offense to introduce more roll-outs and option routes in 1985, inspired in part by the success of the Run 'n' Shoot. And the Bears are not the only ones. Coach John Robinson of the Rams was among several members of the NFL coaching fraternity who visited Denver while Davis installed the Gold's new offense in January, and came away impressed. "With a team with an outstanding quarterback, the chances of this thing taking off in the NFL would be very good," he says.

But most NFL Run 'n' Shoot advocates, when asked if they will actually use the offense, respond tentatively. "I just don't know enough about it," says Robinson, even though the Rams signed Canadian roll-out quarterback Dieter Brock last spring. "I'm not comfortable coaching something I know very little about."

The Denver Broncos, who use four receivers, motion, no tight end and roll-out options with quarterback John Elway on most long-yardage situations, are another NFL team who appear to be incorporating aspects of the Run 'n' Shoot. "We may be and not even know it," admits head coach Dan Reeves.

Denver wide receiver coach Mike Shanahan, while offensive coordinator at the University of Minnesota in the late Seventies, visited Davis at PSU and incorporated some aspects of the offense. "Mike called me after they had rolled up more than 500 yards against Ohio State," recalls Davis. "He said, 'We love your offense. It looked like a damn track meet.' They had used two or three of our packages. I asked him why they lost, and he said, 'When we got down close to the end zone, we tried to punch the damn ball in on the ground. If we hadn't forced the run, we'd have won.'"

Houston Oilers defensive coordinator Jerry Glanville says that the Run 'n' Shoot is "not that different from what NFL people are seeing now. In the Run 'n' Shoot, the receivers' options are cleanly designed and go to the open area. Who does that remind you of? The San Francisco 49ers? You're darn right. The 49ers don't use exactly the same formations,

Nobody Can Shoot Like the Gunslinger

If the Run 'n' Shoot seems Mickey Mouse to some NFL grouchers, what do you call the Shoot 'n' Shoot Again offense of Mississippi Valley State? Maybe Mighty Mouse. The Division I-AA Delta Devils led all of college football in scoring last year by taking the kind of thing Mouse Davis does and pushing it to the limit.

Using a variety of formations that seem to have been drawn in playground dirt—often relying on five receivers, no running backs, no tight ends and no huddles—the Devils averaged 637 yards (496 by passing) and 57 points per game on the way to a 9-2 record. They hung an 86-0 rope around the neck of Kentucky State; they scored more than 60 points five times.

Coach Archie Cooley, known as "Gunslinger," says he's simply applying what he's learned in 14 years as a defensive assistant and 5 years as a head coach at Mississippi Valley. "Ain't no college team that's got five good defensive backs," he says. "Every team is hiding somebody out there and we're out to find 'em. If we get the football enough, we'll beat you. Simple as that."

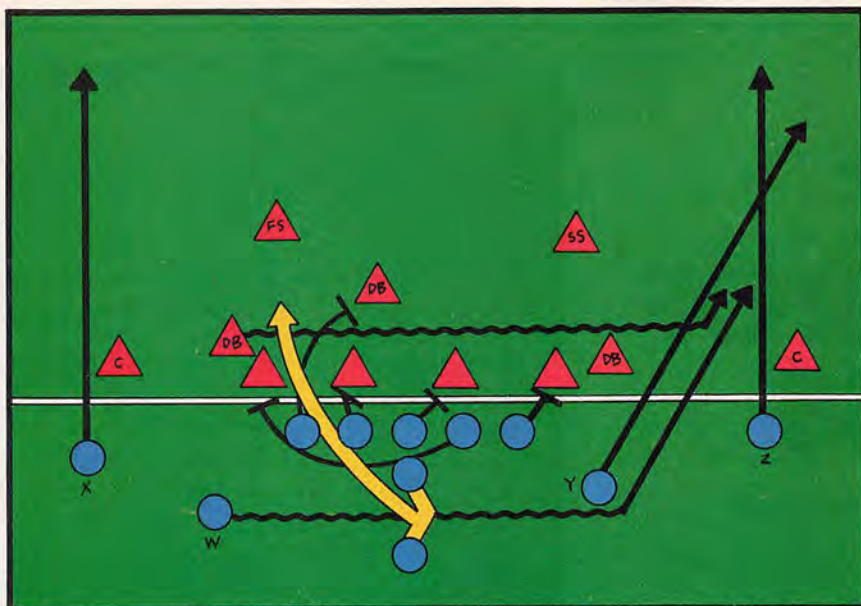
No huddles wears out defenses and gives them little time to adjust to Cooley's Stack 4, Double Double, Slot Right Stack 3 Left, Trips and Slot I-formations.

In one version of the Stack, four wide receivers stand one behind the other, like a line at the box office, while a fifth wide receiver has the other side of the field to himself. The only player behind center is quarterback Willie (Satellite) Totten, who passed for 5,043 yards and 58 touchdowns last season.



Rice: Delta-grown, ready to cook.

This year, Cooley and Totten will have to make this all work without wide receiver Jerry Rice, who caught 112 passes last year for 28 touchdowns and was grabbed by the San Francisco 49ers in the first round of the NFL draft. (It's no coincidence that the Niners run the closest thing to a Run 'n' Shoot in the NFL.) "Rice was great," says Cooley, "but Totten was the man. The show will go on. We ain't gonna change too much because nobody's proven they can stop us yet. Next year we'll do some things that will simply amaaaaaze people." —Bud Shaw



How Mouse Would Bust the Bears' 4-6

Rip 33 Kick: First-and-10.

Bears, thinking pass, line up in 4-6. Mouse sees a hole. W (in motion) takes nickelback to right side. W, X, Y and Z run decoy patterns. Fullback follows pulling-guard into secondary.

but they are giving their receivers more and more responsibility, more and more reads, more and more decisions. It's the same stuff, and it works. Joe Montana, when it comes down to it, is the best Run 'n' Shoot quarterback in football.

"The St. Louis Cardinals do the same things," he adds. "It wouldn't surprise me if Neil Lomax had something to do with that. All of Mouse's former players who are in the NFL still believe there is nothing superior to the Run 'n' Shoot."

The pungent odor of soggy, sweaty uniforms gives the sidelines a distinct, fourth-quarter smell, but that's not why Bob Gagliano looks so pale; it's because an ESPN television camera is beaming his bearded visage from coast to coast. Gagliano, in his first start of the season, has completed 17 of 25 passes for 297 yards and a club record four touchdowns. The 10 receptions for 188 yards and three scores by Leonard Harris, standing next to Gagliano, is also a new club standard. "What do I say?" Gagliano, obviously camera-shy, asks Harris. "Hi Grandma," he finally says meekly. Harris, however, is a natural actor. "We No. 1," he says, thrusting a single finger toward the lens. "We did it tonight. We the ones."

• • •

Despite the success of the Run 'n' Shoot, the dispute continues between the gray-haired professors of the NFL establishment and the upstart named Mouse. Shula calls the offense "a fad." Ryan calls it "no big deal." Even Reeves is skeptical about whether it could withstand pressure from "the Gastineaus, the Ed Joneses, the Howie Longs; the defensive linemen in the NFL are often a team's best players." Says Robinson, "The one thing I'm wary of is that championship teams

always were able to run the ball. When you totally disdain the run, you're not as good as when you mix it up."

NFL coaches should pay more attention. The Gamblers had the seventh-best combined rushing totals in the USFL in 1984, averaging better than 5 yards a carry and scoring 30 touchdowns. Houston's primary backs in 1984, unknown rookie Todd Fowler (whom Mouse converted from tight end) and former Minnesota Viking Sam Harrell, rushed for 1,700 yards. "The only way to keep us from running the football," Davis emphasizes, "is to allow us to *pass* the football."

Redskins tight end Clint Didier, a wide-out for Davis at Portland State, also belittles the NFL opposition. "In the NFL we have adjustments off our routes," he says. "But in the Run 'n' Shoot, your adjustment is the route. You run a route based on what the defense dictates. Most NFL teams couldn't stop it. The Run 'n' Shoot works against good pass coverage, against a good pass-rush, against the 46 or anything else."

Glanville laughs at the criticism directed toward Davis. "I hate to contradict the *great* Don Shula," he says with a hint of satire. "But his offense isn't that complicated. He just has a good quarterback and two good receivers. If you put his wide-outs in the Run 'n' Shoot, they'd be twice as effective as they were last year. Imagine *that*."

Only 1:54 remains on the huge stadium clock as the Express try to maintain their poise despite the 44-0 count against them. "Goose egg, goose egg, goose egg," chant two Gold cornerbacks, rubbing it in. Davis, his team recording the largest margin of victory since his days at Portland State, is hugging

the bulging, sweaty necks of his players; most must stoop for him to do so. With his offense facing third-and-13 from the Express 29, he sends in a pass play intended only to get the first down. Vince Evans finds rookie slotback Gill Stegall on the goal line, however, and the Gold score again, upping the final tally to 51-0.

While most players on the Denver sideline break into celebration, offensive guard George Yarno, who spent five years in the NFL, leaves the field in a rage, throwing his helmet against the fence behind the bench. "Mouse Davis has no class," he screams. "Winning 44-0 and he throws the goddamn ball." June Jones, down from the press box, overhears Yarno and immediately begins to exchange threats with the lineman, who outweighs him by at least 50 pounds. Suddenly, Davis spots the melee and instantly is chest-to-belt with Yarno.

"Goddamn it, George, I make the decisions around here," roars the tiny coach, looking at least a foot upward into Yarno's glaring face. Davis grabs a fistful of Yarno's jersey for emphasis, his eyes narrowing into cold slits. Yarno doesn't move. "We play the game to score," Davis says, rapping his fist against Yarno's shoulder pads. "The only way we know to play is to pass, pass, pass. And score, score, score. That's the only way we know to play." Davis releases his hold. The once-furious Yarno has the appearance of a whipped puppy. "Sorry, Coach," he mumbles. "Now cheer up," orders Davis, slapping him on the butt as the gun sounds to end the game. "We won. Let's act like it." Davis breaks into a slow trot toward the showers. ★

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AT THE CENTER OF THINGS

The A's lockerroom at the Oakland Coliseum is small, even cramped, but remarkably sedate these days—the flaming shoes and exploding cigarettes of seasons past have disappeared along with Tony Armas to Boston, with Bill Caudill to Toronto, with Billyball and Rickey Henderson to New York. Nothing stays the same.

Dwayne Murphy, the A's captain and the best defensive centerfielder in baseball, considers this—yes, well—and nods. It's only how you change that's interesting, and Murphy is blessed with an extraordinarily meticulous, methodical mind, the kind of guy whose idea of fun is to go into the garage and completely rebuild his 1955 Ford Thunderbird. A fixer, a problem-solver. When the A's asked him to give himself up and hit second behind Henderson, Murphy cut his swing down, walked 100 times and Henderson broke records. When they asked him to hit more home runs, he worked on dropping his hands for more power, took a mountain of videocassettes home for the winter and last season hit 33, third in the league behind Armas and teammate Dave Kingman. Murphy shrugs. "The only goal you can really set is to win the game," he says. "Then you think about winning the game another way." He smiles. "Then it's another day."

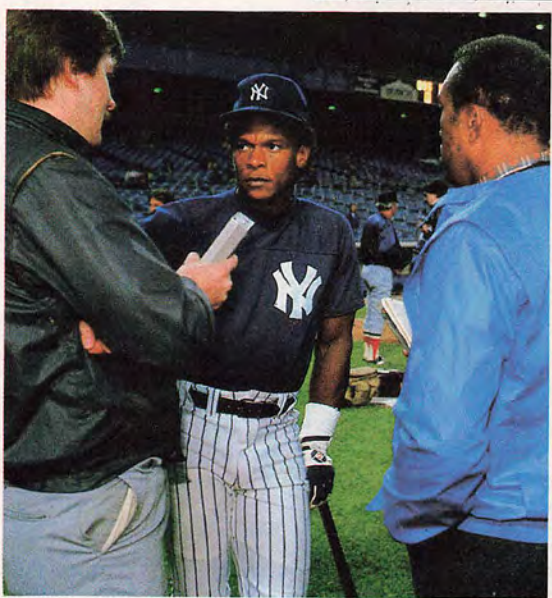
Today, Murphy is thinking on a problem that rightfielder Mike Davis has. And, as usual, he has an answer. "Goldfish," says Murphy, who has, in the house he designed and built himself, not only five Gold Gloves, but also 240 gallons of tropical fish. "Goldfish," he says again. "Buy 'em, drop 'em in, forget 'em. They'll take care of your problem."

"Goldfish?" asks pitcher Steve McCatty, a latecomer to this discussion.

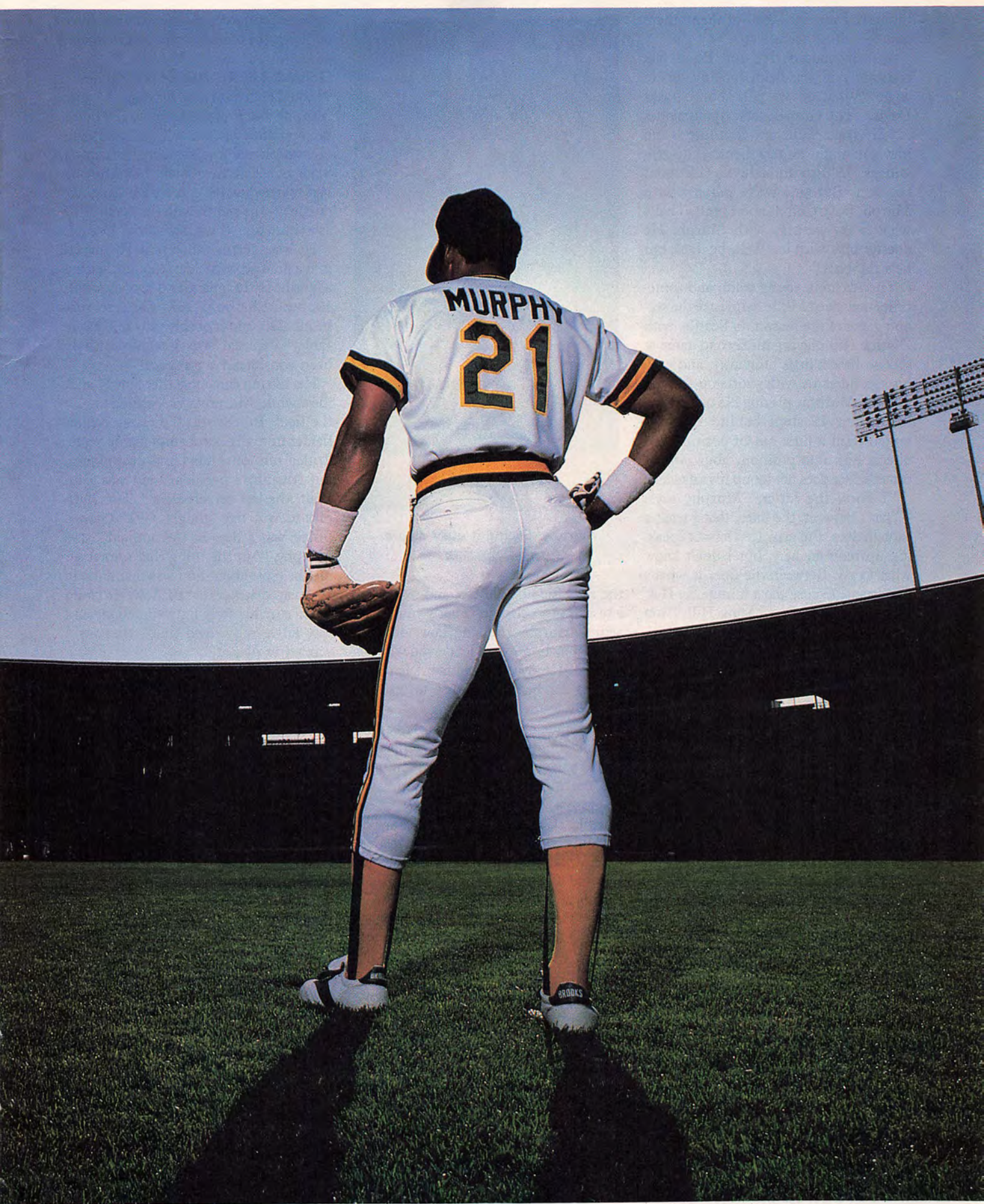
"Well, see, I forgot about my shark," Davis explains, "and I left for about four days with nobody to feed my fish. I come back, my shark is swimming around, but

When Rickey Henderson left Oakland to play centerfield in New York, he left behind the best centerfielder in baseball.

by Joseph Dalton



In the Bronx, Henderson is the center of attention. By the Bay, Dwayne Murphy just pays attention to center.



the rest of my fish—half of them, there just *be* half of them.”

Murphy laughs. He and Davis talk constantly in the field, looking for an edge. “What do we talk about?” asks Davis. “The Gospel, cars, flying planes...” He grins. “The next four hitters and how you ought to play them.” The grin widens. “Mostly though, we talk about the fish. But see, we’re *playing* with Murph, Dave Collins and I both. That’s what it is—we play with Murph. He doesn’t play with us. Well, he does, but he’s the boss.”

The A’s are a young team, and sometimes they need a little help. Like the second game of the season, in Seattle, with Donnie Hill playing his second game at second base a little hesitantly, and only his second game with shortstop Alfredo Griffin. Murphy, playing his usual shallow center 12 steps behind the bag, notices Hill a little out of position and directs him into position. Your normal centerfielder does not set up his infielders.

“I knew the hitter,” Murphy says. “That’s between the lines, that’s what a captain does. I’m criticized for not speaking up more in here, but I don’t know what to say. Between the lines is what’s important. Excuse me a minute.... Hey, Donnie,” he says to a pacing Hill. “You okay? You look sick.”

“Yeah, nothing,” says a frowning Hill. “Just a headache, you know.”

“See somebody, get something for it,” says Murphy. “We’re going out in a couple hours.” He falls silent. “What were we talking about?” asks Dwayne Murphy.

MEN IN THE MIDDLE

Center field is the last chance you get at the place where you have to be strong to win a baseball game, which is up the middle. Think about Mays and Mantle, centerfielders who not only served as the hinge joints of their outfielders, but also set the tone.

Which brings us to Dwayne Murphy and Rickey Henderson. It’s hard to think of two players whose careers have been as intertwined as Murphy’s and Henderson’s who are so resolutely opposite, even down to the fact that Murphy hits left and throws right while Henderson is one of the few major-leaguers who hits right and throws left. But there you have it—Murphy, trying to hit for average at the beginning of his career, thought that hitting from the left would help him with infield hits. Henderson, a natural left-hander, showed up for Little League batting practice and when everybody hit from



Murphy: Slicing it easy as pie.

the right side he did too, and never saw any reason to change. That’s your basic setup—Murphy thinking how to take a game away from you, Henderson with his 9.6 speed and incredible raw talent just waiting for his opportunity to take the game away from you.

It extends off the field, too—Murphy the consummate family man, Henderson young and single and looking to mingle. It’s the difference between Lancaster, California, in the Mojave desert where Murphy claims to have chased jackrabbits for fun, and Bushrod Playground in Oakland, which also produced Frank Robinson and Billy Martin.

Which, in turn, brings us to The Trade. Rickey Henderson, a minor league pitcher and cash to New York for Jay Howell and four minor-leaguers, which means that Billy’s happy to have Rickey back again, that Rickey is a centerfielder now, too, and that the styles and situations of these former teammates now oppose each other as never before. Murphy, the complete team player—his skills don’t leave little tracks up and down your scorecard like Henderson’s stolen bases—is marking time in Oakland, the Jersey City of the West, three hours behind the networks. Henderson, the base stealer—they’ve always been baseball’s most individual individualists—is making time

on the opposite coast. One is at the center of things, the other the center of attention.

GOING BACK AND GETTING IT

“I could always go back for the ball,” says Murphy. But growing up as an Air Force brat in Lancaster, the ball was a football. He was offered a scholarship to Arizona State as a defensive back, but Murphy had married at 18, and with a daughter on the way he signed with the A’s in 1973 as a shortstop. “I went to work,” he says.

He was a terrible shortstop. He turned into a not-bad outfielder, though, setting a Northwest League record in assists with 13, but he hit only .233. The next year he hit .220, and probably only in Charlie Finley’s depleted farm system would have been considered a prospect.

His hitting came together slowly and, meanwhile, Murphy was learning to play the field. Bill North, the classy centerfielder from the A’s championship years, drilled him on hitters and positioning, but Murphy’s personal hero was Paul Blair, the last centerfielder before Murphy to win five straight Gold Gloves. “Blair was a deer in the outfield,” says Murphy, “but the thing that impressed me the most about him was that nobody else played center that shallow. He could take a sure hit away from somebody and just kill a rally. And that’s the way I wanted to play it.”

When Murphy finally made it to the A’s for good in 1979, Tony Armas and his gun of an arm moved to right, opening center for Murphy, but the most significant thing Murphy accomplished in 1979 was breaking his finger. The A’s had already called down to Ogden for Rickey Henderson, then a hometown kid, and he replaced Murphy for the rest of the season before moving to left in 1980.

Add Henderson to Murphy and Armas, and you had the best defensive outfield of all time. Outfields don’t lend themselves to this sort of thing for some reason—who played in the outfield with Joe DiMaggio? With Willie Mays?—but before Murphy, Armas and Henderson, the best defensive outfield of all time was considered to be the Red Sox of 70 years ago, with Harry Hooper in right, Tris Speaker in center and Duffy Lewis in left. The A’s trio played together only three years, but the first year they played together, 1980, they broke the major league record for outfield putouts by 150. And they did it in the Oakland Coliseum where, as Steve Boros says, “which way the wind is blowing depends on which flag you’re looking at.”

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Rating the

The lifetime batting average is a modest .250. He never stole more than 27 bases, only once hit as many as 26 homers and his RBI zenith was a so-so 76. But when it comes to playing centerfield, no one has put on a major league mitt and done it better than Paul Blair. "Fortunately," says the ex-Oriole, "I played for a manager [Earl Weaver] who was smart enough to realize that saving a run is just as good as scoring one. As long as I fielded the heck out of my position he was going to have me in that lineup regardless of my hitting. So I dedicated myself to making a science out of playing centerfield."

The secret to Blair's eight Gold Gloves (out of 10 starting seasons)? "Most outfielders live in mortal fear of taking their eyes off the ball. They feel they'll never pick it up again," he says. "But I'd watch the hitter's swing, listen to the crack of the bat and I would instinctively know how many steps I needed to get to the ball. This enabled me to take my eyes completely off of it and run to the area just like a sprinter."

"Also, I played the shallowest center in the history of the game," he adds. "I figured most hits I'd give up would be in front of me. And I had so much confidence in my ability that I just *knew* nobody was going to hit that ball over my head."

Blair, currently a player agent, remains an avid student of the game and ranks the present crop of centerfielders as follows:

1. Dwayne Murphy (Oakland). "No weaknesses. In addition to a strong and accurate throwing arm, he covers real estate extremely well and I'm real impressed with the way he takes total control out there. He also plays the shallowest center of them all—and you know how I feel about *that*."

winter and I think he just felt that his time in Oakland was over. He grew up here, and he was always running in to people he had grown up with, and they all wanted him to be a hero, the center of attention. That can be tiresome, I guess." He smiles. "But when you see Rickey, ask him what he's going to do in center there in Yankee Stadium, how he's going to talk to anybody with the monuments between him and the people."

THE OTHER SIDE OF CENTER

"Why everybody want to be talking center?" asks Rickey Henderson. "Who the hell are these guys, DiMaggio, Mantle? They play *football*, then I might know something about them. They are the history—past *tense*—and I'm now. I'm tired of it. Why does everybody want to know about *center*?"

Because of DiMaggio and Mantle—American icons, Rickey. Because it's the

"Tony was the easiest to play with that I've ever met," says Murphy. "I really felt we took that side away from them. Rickey was a little harder; he was younger and just didn't know the hitters as well, and it was a little harder keeping him in the game sometimes. But a lot of people have said we were the best, and I believe it."

"Co-rect," says Henderson. "The best. Co-rect."

Armas is amused. "We all got good jumps, and that's playing the outfield—get a good jump and go get it. We could all go get it."

And actually, after last season when Armas led the majors in home runs, runs batted in and total bases for the Red Sox, they would have stacked up pretty well as an *offensive* outfield, with 92 home runs and 269 RBIs among them, plus Henderson's stolen bases. But defensively, they were something to see, and it almost seems like the natural order of things that they are all playing centerfield somewhere now.

CHANCES TAKEN

Back to Murphy, the best of the lot. He has the five straight Gold Gloves, but for those of you who need more tangible evidence, let's look at putouts during those same five years. We're obviously not going to look at fielding percentage, which measures only what you did when you got to something—as if slugging percentage was measured by dividing your total bases into your total hits. And we're not going to look at assists either, because once you show up with that strong arm, who's going to run on you? So putouts, even though this discriminates against Willie Wilson, who 70 times a year sees Dan Quisenberry get ground-ball outs two innings a game, yet still has averaged 347 putouts a year for the last five years. We'll take a look at Dale Murphy, the only serious National League contender, who, though he's only played center full-time for three years, has averaged a solid 359 putouts.

Of course Detroit's Chet Lemon has to be considered; he's the American League's all-time leader with 512 in 1977. But Lemon just doesn't play enough games; over the last five years he's averaged 333 putouts a year. Our other candidate is Lloyd Moseby of Toronto, whose 473 putouts last season was second to Murphy's 474 and who, at 25, is probably the centerfielder of the next five years; he's averaged 340. Now, during these five years Dwayne Murphy has averaged 425 putouts a year.

A quirkier, perhaps more subjective evaluation from Bill Rigney, the former manager, now in the A's front office, whose personal criterion for outfielders is their reaction to the fly ball off the broken bat. Everybody's eyes follow the bat, he says. The only three whose didn't being Jim Piersall, Willie Mays and Dwayne Murphy.

Enough already. Dwayne Murphy on playing centerfield: "I do a couple of things wrong, or people would consider them wrong. I catch balls on the left side so I can see them go into my glove. You're supposed to catch them on the right side so you'll be able to throw off your left foot. I throw off the wrong foot a lot, because I believe the most important thing is getting to the ball and getting rid of it. There's no reason to make every throw a powerful throw—it's more important to get the ball into the infield."

"You've got to move. Move on every pitch. That's one advantage about playing shallow—you can read the signs from the catcher. I'll sit in on pitchers' meetings, know what they're going to throw in a given situation, because I want to direct my outfielders. If something goes wrong, they should be able to say, 'Murph told me to be there. It's not my fault.' They'd be right."

"You think of the outfield as a giant pie. You're playing shallow, directing your cornermen, and a ball is hit in the air. Baseball is a game of angles. The flight of the ball is one slice out of the pie, and your path to the ball should be straight, no banana-ing the angles. You catch up with the ball, you've just got a nice big slice of pie."

"I like to play shallow. Most people don't, because they don't want to hit the wall, but I could always go back for the ball, so what I worried about was what was hit in front of me. Dwayne Murphy taking a hit away—that's my game."

Murphy liked playing with Henderson, it was just that sometimes he didn't like the way Henderson used his talent. Like the time last season in Milwaukee a ball was hit to Henderson and 20,000 people saw that it was a double—all except Henderson and the fellow in the stands he was talking to.

"If you went around the lockerroom, it would split down the middle, people who thought he was the greatest and people who didn't care much for him," Murphy says. "A man stealing 100 bases a year, he's taking an incredible beating, and I guess he thought he needed a rest sometimes. We talked some over the

Centerfielders, by One Who Should Know

2. Gary Pettis (California). "He believes there isn't a ball out there that can't be caught. Once he overcomes his inexperience, he's got the best chance to become the next dominant centerfielder."

3. Dale Murphy (Atlanta). "After starting his career as a catcher, Murph has surprisingly 'live' legs and I'm amazed by how hard he works in the outfield for an offensive superstar. He knows his limitations and does all the little things extremely well."

4. Willie Wilson (Kansas City). "In spite of his suspect arm, he plays great fundamental center. He is criminally underrated—he's such a great base stealer that people tend to forget about his D."

5. Chet Lemon (Detroit). "Great speed, good arm, but I'd like him a little more if he'd catch the ball with two hands. Come to think of it, I'd like everybody a little more if they'd catch the ball with two hands."

Surprisingly, Blair ranks Rickey Henderson right behind the Big Five and unequivocally names Houston minor-leaguers Ty Gainey and Eric Bullock as the unknowns with the best chance for greatness. When asked who was the best ever, he names himself, then "I'd have to say Willie Mays, Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Stanley. Willie had such incredible physical talent he didn't really have to work that hard. DiMag just never made any mistakes and Mickey... well he symbolized how underrated defense is in baseball. In 1968 his great center-field play helped the Tigers win the pennant. So for the World Series they moved him to shortstop."

—Tom Kertes



Pettis:
Looks to be
the next
great one.



Rickey Henderson who was an all-city running back—all power and speed, the kind of outfielder who can be fooled badly but still come back to make the great play on fast legs and a strong arm. In Oakland he went line-to-line—he could catch the ball—but left is not center.

Tony Armas shakes his head, genially, and laughs. "I don't think Rickey wants to work hard enough to play center, really. He is a Gold Glove leftfielder."

Henderson sits smiling, staring at the ankle with most of a roll of tape on it. He's not quite O.J. Simpson, or even Marcus Allen, but with all that tape on his ankle he can almost believe it, and when the tape comes off, well, maybe another hundred bases will get stolen and Lou Brock's career record erased before he turns 30. He may well break Ty Cobb's record for runs scored and Babe Ruth's record for walks drawn, too, before he's through. Until then, centerfield.

He begins to talk about center in Yankee Stadium, what he's seen of it. He won't be playing shallow—it's just too far to run for a base stealer and not his style anyway, but this is how he'd like to

glamour position in baseball, even if you can't marry Marilyn Monroe. When John Fogerty makes his first album in 10 years, he calls it *Centerfield* because he wanted to play it for the New York Yankees...

"I guess I haven't heard of it," says Rickey Henderson, eyes closing on high cheekbones, muscles cording up on his already very tight body. Rickey Henderson at 26—the urban contemporary centerfielder.

He backs off a little and you get some insight into Rickey Henderson's predicament, which is not just that he's following Mantle and DiMaggio. He's the first big free agent the Yankees have signed since Dave Winfield, and he's supposed to attract the press away from those other kids across town—Darryl Strawberry and Dwight Gooden—and lastly, there's that other free agent from Oakland that he's followed to New York, and they named a candy bar after that guy. Add to that

five weeks on the disabled list with an ankle, and you'd be a little nervous, too, even without all this center business.

"I'm a Gold Glove leftfielder," says Henderson. "I play center now because there's nobody else to play it. But I'm here to steal bases, and no centerfielder has ever led the league in stolen bases—too much running."

Well. Ty Cobb.

"That's history. I'm now."

In the now is Henderson, hanging off first—"I can control the pitcher on the base paths," he says. "That's my game." The outfield is just that grassy area beyond the base paths—out there, like Saskatchewan. It's just part of the job, and he brings to it a leftfielder's view of center. "Dwayne Murphy is a great centerfielder. But centerfielders are only as good as their cornermen, and Dwayne had Tony and me in the corners."

And in the field you can still see the

play it, how he'll position certain hitters. They'll talk, of course, he and Winfield—another Gold Glover—and Griffey; it will be who knows the hitter...so you tell him about the second game of the season in Seattle, Dwayne Murphy and Donnie Hill.

Henderson's smile grows oddly formal; he rubs the mound of tape on his ankle. The synthesized rhythm machines crank up in the background, thunka thunka, and Rickey Henderson, the urban contemporary centerfielder, says, "Yes. Well I don't think I'll be positioning any infielders."

It's one more small difference between Rickey Henderson and Dwayne Murphy, between being the center of attention and being at the center of things, thunka. Which, you might say, is what center is all about.

★

Joseph Dalton is a freelance writer living in New York.

WHAT'S A NICE GUY LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

Mike Trainer made
Sugar Ray Leonard.

Now he has a
new kid. Here's
how to succeed in
boxing without
really lying.

The first time Mike Trainer tilted, the windmills fell and the dragons trembled. Of course, the first time the quixotic tornado on the white horse hit boxing, he was accompanied not by Sancho Panza but by Sugar Ray Leonard.

Leonard may have been something of a giant-slayer himself, but he left the firebreathing promoters from boxing's smoke-filled rooms to his 44-year-old pixie-faced lawyer. Trainer dropped his law practice, picked up his lance and stabbed the dragons where it hurt the most—right in their alligator wallets.

By the time Trainer got through, Leonard had earned more than \$40 million in fight purses, and the dragons, between curses, were hoping for a rematch with the iconoclastic figure who, without socks (an idiosyncrasy picked up while an undergraduate at the University of North Carolina), managed to tiptoe cleanly through the slime and sleaze. In a sport where con men are revered and chicanery becomes legend, Trainer had made himself an outcast, a man who refused to lie even about his golf handicap (a 10).

Now boxing's moral minority is back, this time without Leonard at his side, and don't think dragons ever forget. "You kidding? They're waiting with two clubs and four knives each," says Teddy Brenner, who works for Bob Arum.

"I dealt pretty good when I had Muhammad Ali," says Don King, "and Trainer's attitude may have been more abrasive than mine."

"I'm not going to drop anything if he calls," says Arum. "He's not dealing for Leonard now."

The cards have been reshuffled and Trainer, almost as if he wants to prove how good a dealer he is, has chosen to play with something less than an ace up his sleeve. Instead of the red, white and blue 1976 Olympic champion who would become America's sweetheart, he has a 1984 silver medalist from a foreign country, a kid with suspect defense and tissue-thin skin.

But don't bet against Shawn O'Sullivan of Toronto, Canada. He has one of the most brilliant—if honest—men in boxing history in his corner.

BREAKING ALL THE RULES

Trainer's handling of Leonard was clean and simple. He insisted that the fighter, not the promoters, get the lion's

share of the money for two pretty good reasons. One, the promoter wasn't taking the punches. Two, his man, like no other boxer since Muhammad Ali, was the one people were paying to see. No one yet has paid to see Don King or Bob Arum promote.

The promoters did not like it, for in effect Trainer turned them into hired hands. In addition to putting a ceiling on how much a promoter could earn—and "he was always fair," says Brenner—Trainer steered Leonard

clear of any entangling alliance, either with promoters or television networks. Leonard was a perpetual free agent, open to the highest bidder.

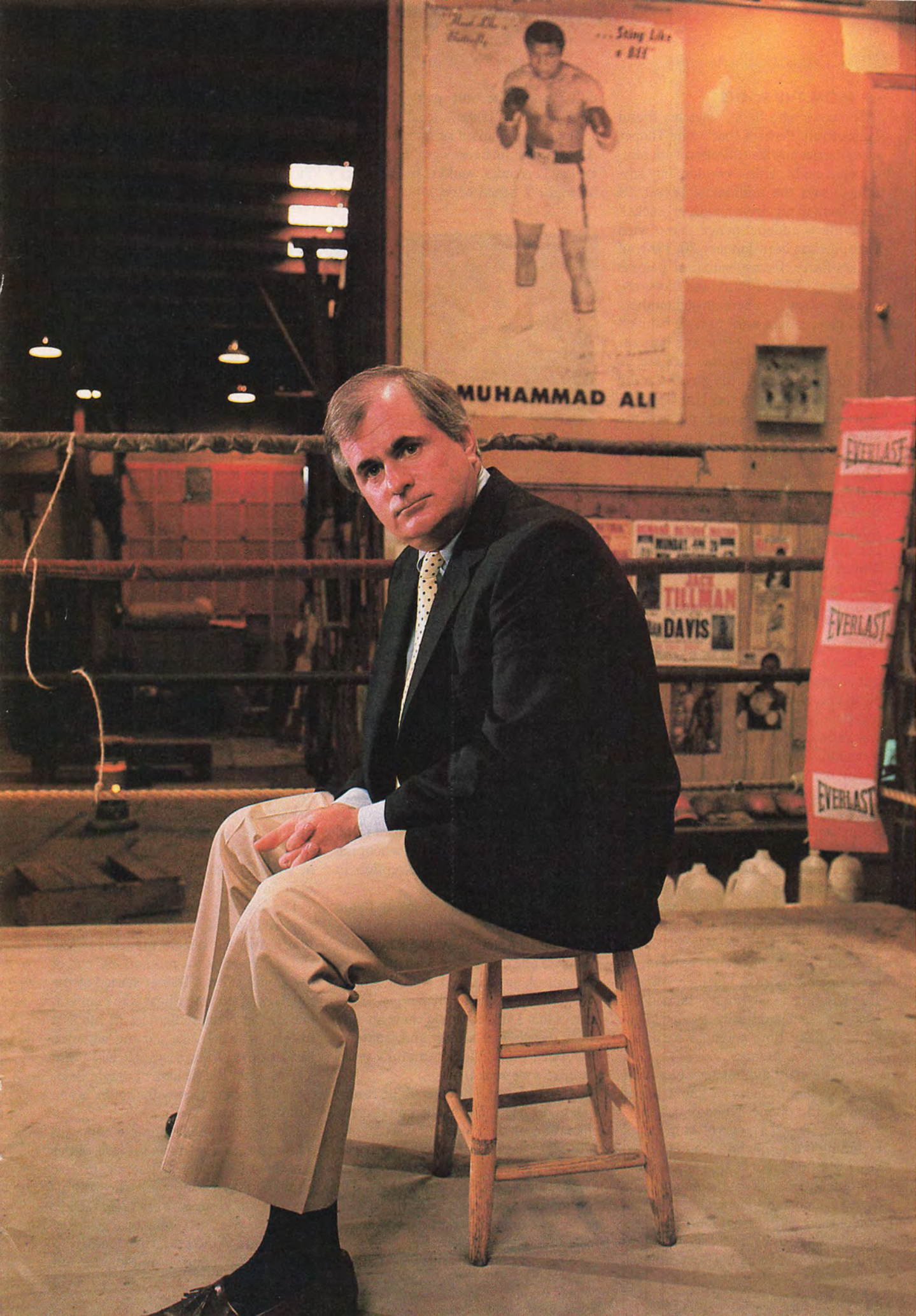
And Trainer too was a free agent. In his dealings with the promoters and the sport's sanctioning bodies, he did not have to worry about retributions against his other fighters, be they low ratings or denied title shots—Leonard was the only boxer he represented. "He never wanted more than one," says James L. Ryan, Trainer's boyhood friend and former business associate, now a judge in Montgomery County, Maryland. "Because, unlike Don King or Bob Arum, he thinks if you have more than one boxer, you have to have a conflict of interest."

Now, that one fighter is Shawn O'Sullivan, and Trainer says he sees in him what he saw in Leonard.

O'Sullivan can fight. He was the world amateur champion at 156 pounds, a power-punching slugger against junior middleweights who has now dropped to the 147-pound welterweight division once dominated by Leonard. At 156, he lost the Olympic final last year in Los Angeles to Frank Tate of the United States on a controversial decision. And if his punching power was effective against 156-pounders, it will be even more so against the smaller welterweights.

More importantly, O'Sullivan can talk. Like Leonard, his choice was between professional boxing and college. He is a well-spoken son of a Toronto bus driver who carries a copy of *Bartlett's* on his route and quotes Thoreau, Emerson and Hawthorne. O'Sullivan, Trainer says, already has "natural constituencies" in Canada, Ireland and anywhere in the United States with a fair concentration of Sons of Erin. As Trainer freely admits, he could not pick out a champion from a gym full of novices, but he *does* have an eye for markets.

by Michael Katz



UP FROM THE ROOTS

"He knows who he is," says his friend James Ryan. Perhaps that's why Trainer never carries any identification with him, not even credit cards. "I seldom buy anything," says the millionaire lawyer. "I keep them in my drawer, with my socks."

Trainer's independence came with birth; he was born January 20, 1941, in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, of parents unknown. "Wilkes-Barre was across the tracks," he says, "where unwed mothers from nicer places went to have babies."

He was adopted at birth, and brought up in Bethesda, Maryland. As a kid he was so much "one of the guys" that he decided not to go to the University of Maryland. "I'd have flunked out with the guys I hung around with," he says.

Instead, he started at the University of Cincinnati, transferred to North Carolina and eventually worked his way through the University of Maryland Law School, graduating in 1966. And, until he became disenchanted with the "system," Trainer was a successful criminal lawyer. "My first case was a capital case, the death penalty, with the guy up for rape," he says. "Like starting off in boxing with Sugar Ray Leonard."

Trainer proved his first client innocent, but other acquittals he was not so proud of. In one, an accused rapist was later arrested for doing the same thing. Later, he was approached by a social worker in a restaurant who told him, "I hope you're happy with yourself?"

He began to prefer handling divorces, real estate and mutual funds. One day, taking stock, he was shocked to find his estate was worth a half-million dollars. And then his third baseman brought him Ray Leonard.

Trainer managed a softball team, and the third baseman and cleanup hitter was one of his clients, Janks Morton, one of Leonard's first trainers and confidants at the Palmer Park (Md.) Center. Months after winning an Olympic gold medal in Montreal, Leonard finally decided to box professionally. Both parents were ill and he needed the money.

"Ray Leonard did not start out a millionaire," says Trainer. "I know. I used to sit by the phone. Nobody called."

Trainer formed a group of 24 investors, including himself, who each loaned the boxer \$12,000 to get started. The money was quickly paid off and Leonard was on his own, free and independent. Trainer would keep it that way. Until Leonard fought Wilfred Benitez for the world welterweight title in his first million-

dollar purse, he only paid Trainer an hourly wage—Trainer's legal fee.

Trainer kept himself far from the corner. A boxing fan he never was. "If it weren't for Ray Leonard, I wouldn't be in boxing," he said. "I boxed once, when I was in



O'Sullivan: Fights hard, but bleeds easy.

camp, and got knocked out. I was 11. It was one of those things out of the movies. The next thing I knew, lights out."

Knowing no one in the business, Trainer and Morton had selected Angelo Dundee, who had been Ali's trainer, to be Leonard's manager of record. Dundee is one of those jovial souls who could find something nice to say about whooping cough. But he makes an exception in Trainer's case.

In 1979, in a men's room at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Trainer tore up Dundee's old contract and wrote a new, less favorable one on a yellow legal pad. Dundee gulped, but accepted. A smaller piece of a gold mine is better than none. Trainer says that Dundee would show up only a few days before a fight and, contrary to popular belief, did not carefully select Leonard's opponents.

"A crock," says Dundee. "The record speaks for itself. Heck, the guy became champion of the world."

In any case, Trainer was experienced and savvy enough by this time to be able to force archenemies Arum and King to co-promote Leonard's first fight with Roberto Duran. Iran and Iraq should have such a peacemaker.

Leonard wound up with \$9.7 million

(his \$12- to \$14-million purse for Thomas Hearns two years later is the only bigger one in boxing history) while Duran accepted Trainer's offer of a guaranteed \$1.5 million. Leonard lost the fight, but Trainer had won the battle.

"I'll never equal Ray," says Trainer. "He'd have been a great fighter anyway, he didn't need me."

"Naturally, I'd have been world champion," says Leonard, "but I wouldn't have had the same options. Mike got me top dollar and he always gave me the final decision. He'd say, 'Pal, here is what we have here: A,B,C,D,' and he'd explain each. But it was always up to myself. He didn't treat me like a fighter."

THE NEXT SUGAR RAY

Since Leonard first announced his retirement in 1982 (forget about the aborted comeback last year, which Trainer was against), just about every big-name boxer either has called or climbed the stairs to the humble walkup law office on Bonifant Street in Silver Spring, Maryland. But Trainer has refused to explore, for various reasons, such opportunities as Thomas Hearns, Aaron Pryor, Hector Camacho and even Mark Breland.

Trainer did become involved, kind of, with another fighter, an undefeated junior lightweight from Washington, D.C., named Kenny Baysmore. Brig Owens, the former Redskins defensive back, managed Baysmore and called Trainer for some help. Baysmore, however, was too good for his own good. No contender would risk his rating against him, and without a contender as an opponent, Baysmore had been wilting in the gym. Trainer said he was only trying to help a friend. "I got more involved than I ever intended to."

The dragons chortled. "I don't like guys who look down on everybody," says Lou Duva, the veteran manager whose son Dan handles the promotional end of the family store. "Trainer started at the top. He started with Sugar Ray Leonard, one of the greatest fighters in modern history, which is like starting with Joe DiMaggio or Willie Mays. He had a gem to work with. But he hasn't brought Baysmore along, and Kenny Baysmore is one hell of a fighter."

But Peter Wylie, a Toronto cop who trains amateur fighters on the side, didn't care about Baysmore. Neither did his star pupil, Shawn O'Sullivan, who had already gotten impressive offers from Dave Wolf, the Svengali who brought Ray Mancini to a world title; Mike Jones, who made Gerry Cooney a millionaire; and

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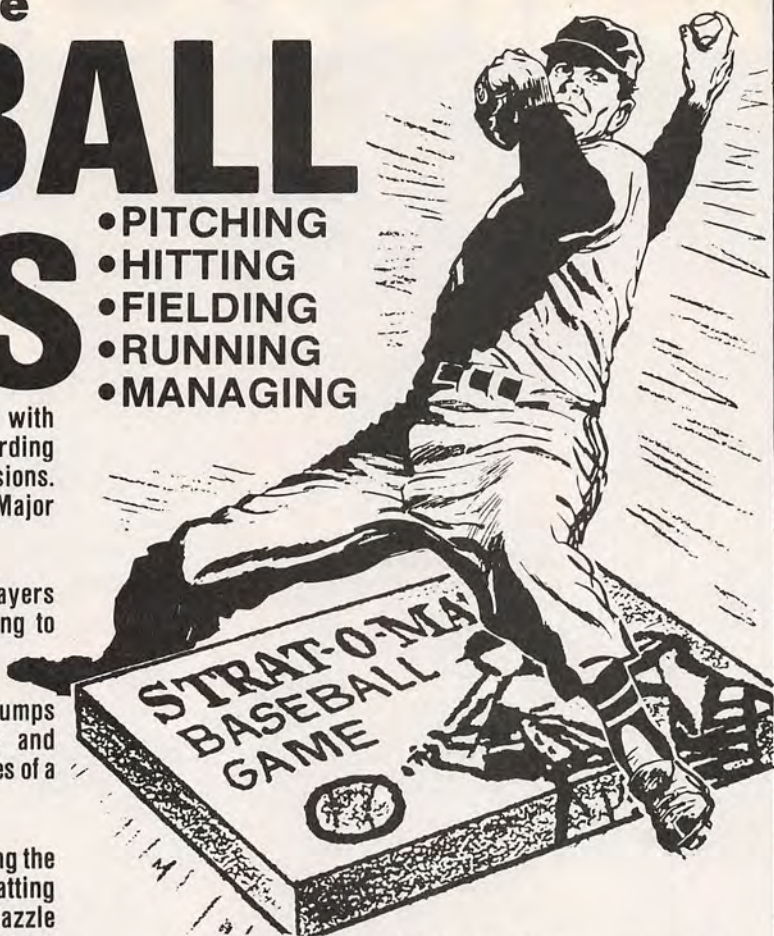
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In pitching, Mario Soto will display fair control, possess strong stamina, be difficult to hit for both lefty and righty batters, but will yield more "gopher balls" than most National League pitchers.

In fielding, Dwayne Murphy will make catches which other outfielders would fail to make. Ozzie Smith will make fewer errors and take away more would-be base hits than other shortstops. In base running and stealing also, all players will perform realistically.



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even Muhammad Ali, once O'Sullivan met Mike Trainer.

For his part, Trainer fell in love with the whole O'Sullivan family. He saw the possibilities, the challenge, the fun. And if O'Sullivan needed an advanced course in defense, Trainer had a pretty good idea where to find a certain Professor Ray Leonard.

Leonard helped O'Sullivan train for the youngster's first four pro fights and the commitment seems likely to grow. The lessons are not exactly free. The first time Leonard got in the ring with O'Sullivan, he peppered the Canadian's face with basic one-tuos. O'Sullivan was becoming frustrated when Leonard finally stopped.

"Know how to stop that?" he asked O'Sullivan.

The youngster shook his head.

"When I throw the one," explained the Professor, "you throw your jab. That'll stop me from throwing the two."

O'Sullivan says, "The things he taught me were so simple, classic and everlasting. I go to bed at night and think, 'Boy, why didn't I do that in Los Angeles?'"

O'Sullivan ran his record to 4-0 in April with an impressive 8-round decision over Dexter Smith, but did not impress the experts with his still-sluggish defense. With Leonard's help, however, that can be corrected. Skin is another matter.

For his third pro fight, January 11, O'Sullivan was brought to Cork, Ireland, not far from his father's birthplace. Trainer was watching in the back of the arena when suddenly, in the second round, blood started pouring down O'Sullivan's face and the referee halted the action. Trainer never saw the butt that caused the cut, nor did he hear the referee, fearful of the Irish crowd, tell O'Sullivan he could finish the round, but that there would be no third round.

The next thing Trainer saw was O'Sullivan square himself, march across the ring and with one left hook knock out his imported American opponent. "It was just like the movies," says Trainer.

But a plastic surgeon was needed that night and O'Sullivan was put in dry dock, delaying Trainer's ambitious schedule that included a United States debut on St. Patrick's Day in Chicago. Later this summer, thanks to Tim Rooney, an O'Sullivan landsman who runs Yonkers Raceway, the first boxing event at that racetrack outside New York will be held.

Trainer still wants O'Sullivan to concentrate on building his constituency in Canada, where there are already some big-

SPORT QUIZ

Answers from page 73. 1—d. 2—Ken Forsch and Charlie Hough. 3—a. 4—Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert Lloyd. 5—d. 6—d. 7—Fort Wayne Pistons. 8—Rusty Staub: Mets, Astros, Tigers, Expos. 9—Phil Niekro. 10—a-2, b-1, c-4, d-3. 11—d. 12—a-3, b-1, c-4, d-2. 13—Al Oliver. Answer to last

month's Stumper (Only one man in major league history has hit two home runs in a game in which he pitched a no-hitter. Name the pitcher, his opponent and the opposing hurlers he hit the homers off.): Rick Wise victimized the Cincinnati Reds' Ross Grimsley and Clay Carroll.

PICTURE CREDITS

5—Clockwise from top left: Illustration by Gary Hallgren, David Walberg, Mickey Pfleger, Illustration by Paul Rogers, Todd Friedman/Focus West, Ken Regan/Camera 5. 11—Rich Pilling (top), David Frazier (center right), Russ Kennedy (bottom left). 14—Bill Smith (top right), Rob Brown (center left), Dave Stock/Focus West. 19—Courtesy of the Sutter family (in-

set), Paul Wodehouse/Edmonton Sun. 48—David Walberg. 49—Jerry Wachter. 50—David Walberg. 56—Michael Barrett. 60,61—John McDonough, Chuck Solomon (inset). 62—Mickey Pfleger. 65—John McDonough (2). 68—Todd Friedman/Focus West. 71—Don Francis. 73—Focus on Sports, Bill Smith, Focus on Sports, Rich Pilling.

She's so unusual. She inherited a fortune from her Texas roustabout father who invented a vital piece of oil-field equipment. Today, at 58, she presides over a vast financial empire. She's been a champion equestrian, expert skier and managed to squeeze in five marriages along the way. Yet the pursuit that dominates Josephine E. Abercrombie's life these days is boxing. In two years she has become the sport's fastest-rising promoter—and its most celebrated anomaly.

"Everyone wants to know how I got involved in boxing," laughs the blue-eyed Abercrombie, seated in her plush Houston offices. After the Cooney-Holmes fight, which refreshed her girlhood interest in the sport, and a successful fight promotion for charity at the Astrodome in 1983, she decided to form the Houston Boxing Association with Bob Spagnola, a 29-year-old tax accountant and former college boxer, as manager. A modern gym was built near the city's fashionable Galleria area and another on her ranch near Gonzales, Texas.

Enter controversy. When the U.S. Olympic boxing team trained at Gonzales last year, some members of the boxing establishment feared that Abercrombie was conspiring with coach Pat Nappi to sign some of the fighters when they turned professional after the Games.

And What's a Nice Girl Like You...



Abercrombie at the office: "My goal is to have world champions here in Houston."

"They didn't understand my motives," Abercrombie recalls. "My goal is to re-establish boxing in Houston, to have world champions here again. To do that, you need to develop young fighters. And I'm very happy with what I got."

What Abercrombie got from the Olympic draft pick was middleweight Frank Tate, who defeated Shawn O'Sullivan for the gold. Since his pro debut in December, he's 6-0, all knockouts. Abercrombie, who spends a lot of time in the gym and even does roadwork with her fighters, senses the thoroughbred in Tate: "He looks like new money."

Now that the dust has settled over the Olympic squabbles, Abercrombie's Houston Boxing Association has shown rapid progress. A contract with Budweiser has brought national television coverage, and recently the HBA expanded to promoting twice a month in Atlantic City. "Naturally, she can't just use her wealth to do what it's taken me years to do," says Bob Arum. "But she's very bright and very honorable. I think she'll succeed."

"I'm so excited," says Abercrombie. "I just got Flash Gordon's newsletter the other day, and I was named Promoter of the Year. I couldn't be happier—I just love my life."

Who said boxing is a brutal sport? —Elmer Ray Spurr

money possibilities as opponents in Davey Hilton Jr. of Montreal and another Toronto fighter, Donny Poole. But Trainer's ultimate goal is a huge payday—a la Leonard-Duran or Leonard-Hearns—against the 1984 Olympic welterweight champion, Mark Breland.

In the meantime Trainer is thoroughly enjoying the building stage. "In Shawn O'Sullivan's area, I'm dealing with the Lord Mayor of Killarney, who promoted the fight in Cork, the site promoters in Canada, real nice people. That's the boxing I see. If every day I had to deal with Don King, Bob Arum and Teddy Brenner, I'm not so sure my constitution could take it."

MORE THAN MILLIONS

"I was like most people," says Trainer. "I saw *The Harder They Fall* and that's what I thought boxing was all about. But I've never knowingly met a real hood in this business, which might disappoint people."

Still, Trainer will not be the first to nominate the hardcore fight promoter for beatification. "Mike used to say, 'I'll

never double-date with them,'" recalls James Ryan. "King once offered him \$1 million, in a bathroom, just to step aside from Ray and walk away."

The dragons themselves coat their fiery breath with syrup these days and say what respect they have for Trainer. "Most people in boxing tend to forgive and forget," says Arum. "Yesterday is yesterday, today is today."

"It's true," Trainer laughs, "that the only thing common in boxing is amnesia. If there was a blacklist, who do you think would still be around?"

"What did I ever do other than say: You can't make money off Ray? I just didn't play by the rules, which is promoting yourself on the back of your client."

And the dragons know that even if O'Sullivan falls on his cut-prone face, there will always be the pick of the amateur litter more than willing to be leashed to Trainer, not least because they remember what Trainer did for Sugar Ray Leonard—in and out of the ring.

There was the day that Leonard went to Trainer, obviously distressed.

"Have you been getting movie offers?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Show 'em to me."

"No."

Leonard was stunned. Trainer continued: "Do you ever think I'd do anything not in your best interest?"

"No," said Leonard, and put his arm around Trainer.

The movie offers, says Trainer, were for "Ray to ride around in an El Dorado as a pimp or be an ex-fighter who's a drug addict. It was demeaning. It undermined everything he stood for."

Leonard, the 7Up kid with his son, Little Ray, had, with Trainer's advice, shattered the stereotype of the black absentee father. He had crossed new lines and slain old racist dragons. Trainer had given him more than millions.

And yet James Ryan says Trainer told him this about Leonard: "I hope it's not the most significant thing I do." ★

Michael Katz writes about boxing for the New York Times.

For centuries, the finest beers in the world were brewed over direct fire. Stroh still brews this way.



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In 1981, the Stroh Brewery Company bought one of the world's most modern and efficient breweries for \$90 million.

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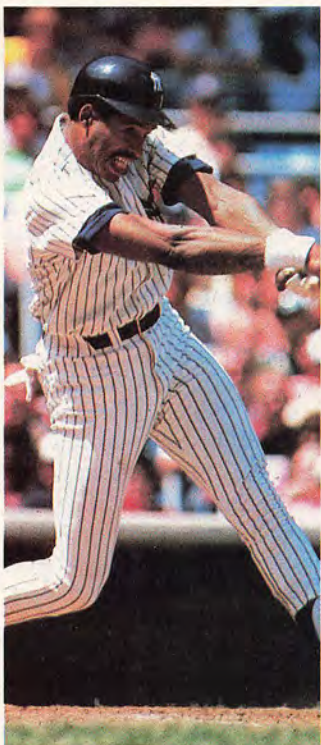


STROH

We haven't lost the family touch.

America's premier fire-brewed beers come from the copper kettles of Stroh.

1. Which of these sluggers was an overall No. 1 pick in baseball's amateur draft?



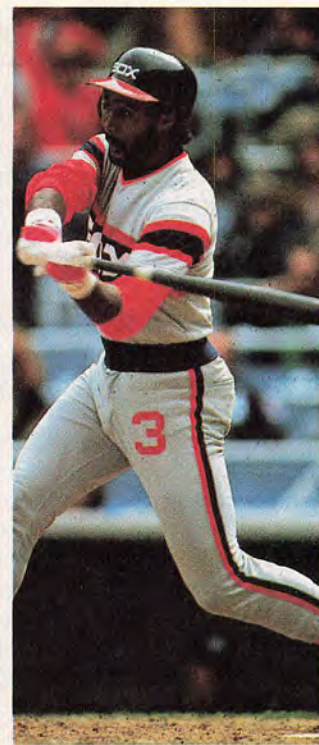
a. Dave Winfield



b. Andre Dawson



c. Lou Whitaker



d. Harold Baines

2. Only two active major league pitchers have recorded 40 complete games and 40 saves in their careers. Name them.

3. The all-time home run leader among designated hitters had clouted 143 going into this season. Who is he?

- a. Don Baylor
- b. Reggie Jackson
- c. Hal McRae
- d. Gorman Thomas

4. Martina Navratilova is one of only three players who have won 100 or more singles titles in their careers. Name the other two.

5. When the Calgary Flames were blanked 4-0 by the Quebec Nordiques last season, it ended their record streak of 264 regular-season games without being shut out. Which team held the previous record of 230?

- a. Oilers
- b. Bruins
- c. Islanders
- d. Nordiques

6. "There are three types of baseball players: those who make it happen, those who watch it happen and those

who wonder what happens." Which of the following managers said it?

- a. Casey Stengel
- b. Earl Weaver
- c. Sparky Anderson
- d. Tom Lasorda

7. Last April the Islanders became the first NHL team to win a five-game playoff after being down two games to none. Name the only NBA team to do so.

8. Only one major league player has played 500 games with four different teams. Name the player and the teams.

9. Only one active major leaguer has had his uniform number retired. Name him.

10. Match the USFL head coach with the NFL team he last served as an assistant with before taking his present job.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| a. Dick Coury | 1. Steelers |
| b. Rollic Dotsch | 2. Eagles |
| c. John Hadl | 3. Patriots |
| d. Charlie Sumner | 4. Broncos |

11. There are 10 active players who have a career batting average of .300 or better in a minimum of 1,000

games. Which player is *not* one of them?

- a. Ken Griffey
- b. Dave Parker
- c. Jim Rice
- d. Fred Lynn

12. Match the player with the team with which he began his major league career.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| a. Bill Madlock | 1. Astros |
| b. Mike Easler | 2. Dodgers |
| c. Tony Armas | 3. Rangers |
| d. Jeff Leonard | 4. Pirates |

13. On April 29 at Arlington Stadium versus the New York Yankees, Larry Parrish smacked three home runs in a game, making him only the second Texas Ranger to accomplish the feat. Who was the first to do so?

The Stumper

Both Tom Seaver and Phil Niekro could reach the 300-win plateau this season. Name the last two pitchers to reach that milestone in the same season and the year they did it.

Answer the Stumper and win a SPORT T-shirt. In case of a tie, we'll draw three winners. The Stumper answer will appear next month; other answers are on page 70. Send postcards only (with T-shirt size) to SPORT Quiz, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, by June 28.

Ringside with the bleeder's best friend.

If they ever make a movie about Eddie Aliano they should cast Peter Boyle in the starring role. He'd be a natural for Aliano's thick face, long, thinning hair and railyard speech. And it would probably be a pretty good movie, since Eddie Aliano makes his living in Atlantic City, "the Mecca of Boxing," as a freelance cut man. Working about 200 fights a year, he says he hasn't been so busy since he was workin' on the railroad, from which he is retired. In boxing circles Aliano is as respected for his gentle ringside manner as he is for "the stuff."

"The stuff" is what Aliano uses to seal the lacerations that come when facial tissue is battered by hands wrapped in gauze and adhesive tape, stuffed into boxing gloves. Tonight, a Tuesday, Eddie is shepherding four club fighters through a card in the Longport Room, two floors above the casino.

Gentleness, of course, is not a word generally associated with boxing, though it is the word most often associated with Eddie Aliano. When greeting a fighter, or trainer, or newspaperman backstage, Aliano never presents a firm handshake. Rather he takes hold with two soft mitts, cradling the third hand between the knuckles and wrist, as if it were a baby bird. Eddie Aliano has taped enough metacarpals to know that knuckles and fingers and fingernails get bent and twisted from fighting, and he won't let his own good nature add to the insults of boxing.

It's that empathy that keeps Aliano in demand. That and "the stuff" he uses to clot blood. He has "wet" stuff for cuts inside noses and lips and "dry" stuff for lacerations across cheeks and brows. "I'm going to Paris next month with Davey Moore," he says. "They wanted me for a Cooney fight in Phoenix. Earl Hargrove wanted me in Miami. I had to say no."

The names of other towns, other fighters—world champions, former world champions—roll from Aliano's lips as he spins a cocoon of surgical gauze around the hands of Joel Humm, a white heavy-weight about to make his ninth profes-

sional appearance. Eddie works up from the wrists, making a complete circle around Humm's hand, then doubling back strips—like switchbacks on a mountain road—to form a soft pad across the fighter's knuckles.

"I'm like Tony Bennett," he laughs. "He's out there singing in alleys and dives, then one day he's on TV and everyone says, 'Hey, where did this guy come from?' It was the same way with me. I worked Tyrone Everett's corner in Philly when he fought Escalera for the title.

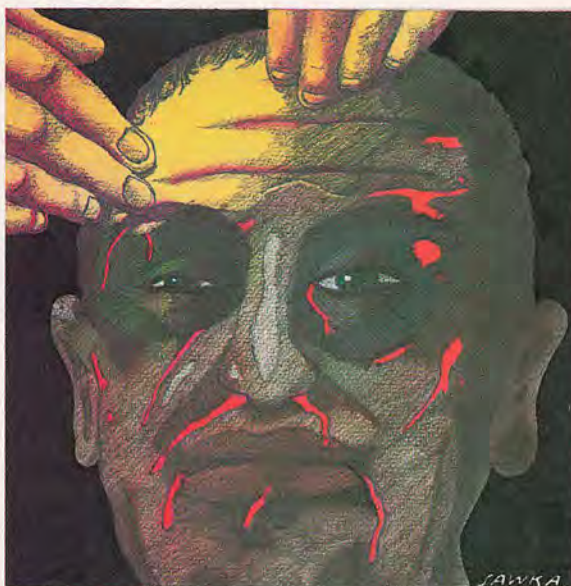


ILLUSTRATION BY JAN SAWKA

He got opened up with a right, but I kept him in the fight. We lost the decision but everyone said I did a great job."

No such heroics are on tap for tonight. Joel Humm and a fireman from Brooklyn grope to a waltz before the fireman succumbs to exhaustion. Jasper Baxley, another of Eddie's flock, abdicates in the first round. Still, Aliano has never met a face he didn't like to work on.

He says pressure and psychology, the "two P's," are what make a good cut man. "You gotta get right in there, clean the cut out good," he says. "Then get the pressure on for the whole minute or else the stuff don't work right. It don't take."

As for psychology: "Sometimes you get a young kid, all excitable, like. And he sees you're takin' out the stuff and he gets all scared, like. That's when you have to say, 'It's not even bleedin', just a precaution.' Calm 'em down, like."

He dips two fingers into a jar of the "dry" stuff, Avatene, which looks like grated Romano cheese. "It goes right on the cut," he says, holding up the fingers in a salute. "Dry. Like cotton candy." Avatene saved lives in Vietnam, sealing torn blood vessels while the choppers were being called in. Aliano gets it—at \$60 for a three-ounce capsule—from a friend at a naval hospital.

Could be a loose tooth, could be he bit his tongue," Aliano says, considering the slime of blood Anthony (the Cobra) Williams spits out after round one. "I'll keep an eye on it. If anything happens, I'll fix it."

Aliano's shoulders rock with the action in the ring as he locks his gaze on the blood snaking down the Cobra's chin, a red stripe lengthened to one side of a Fu Manchu moustache when a second cut opens inside his nose. Nosebleeds make it tough to breathe, so the mouth will wait. Aliano tugs away at the sticky gobs of goo, clearing the nostril with one end of his swab, then twirling the instrument baton-style to jab the wound with the medicated end. "That won't be no more problem," he winks to Williams, pinching the nose shut and slapping on a handful of Vaseline.

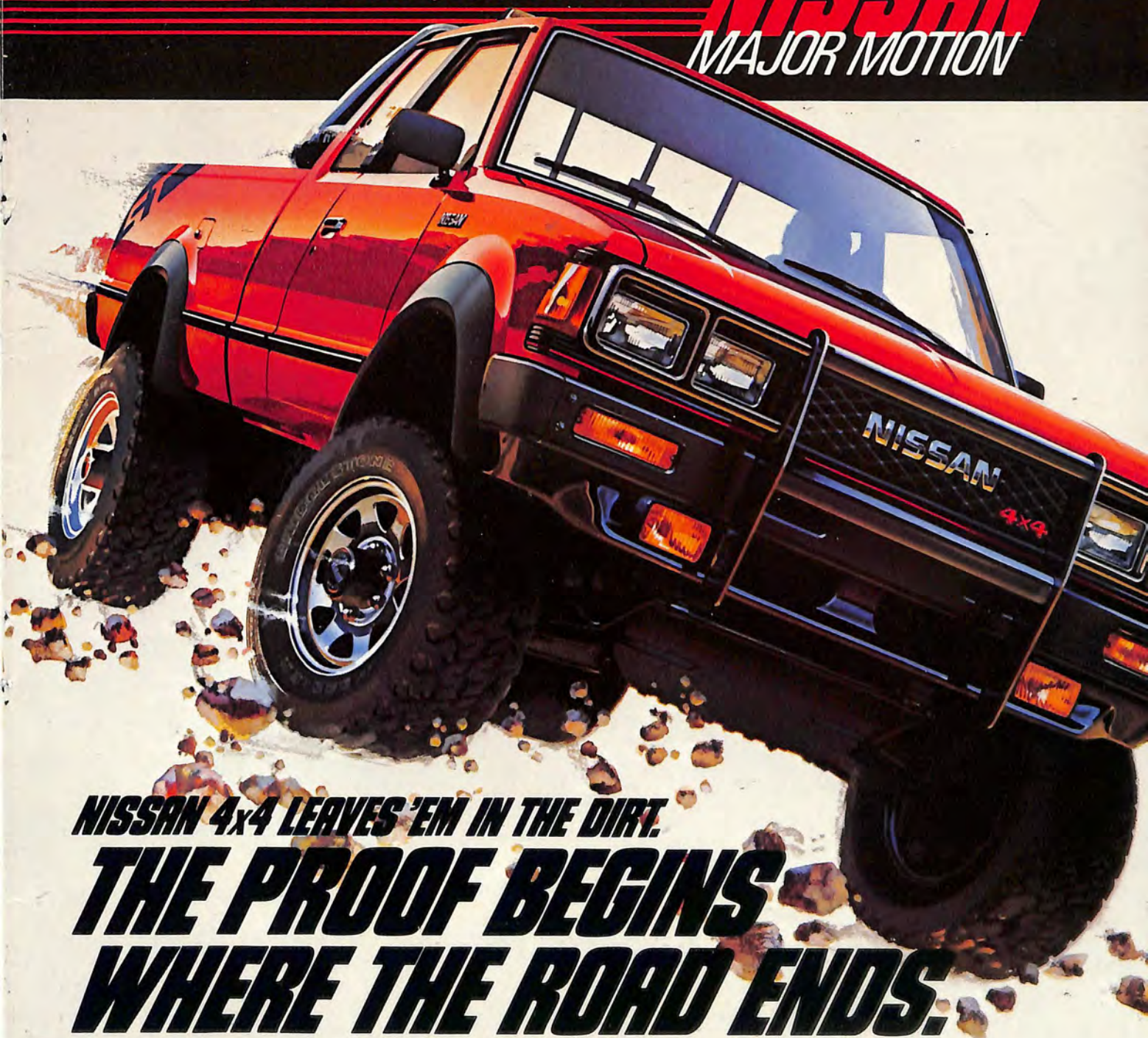
Three minutes later his hands flutter around the Cobra's lips, sloshing ice water over the cut, then pressing the blood dry with the square of paper towel he keeps tucked up under his watchband. Eyes narrowed, Aliano dabs the inside of the Cobra's lips with short downward strokes. The fighter rises at the bell and scores a quick knockout.

Avatene makes its appearance in the main event as old scar tissue opens over the eyes of C.B. Mustafa to form twin pools the color of just-ripened raspberries. As in the Tyrone Everett fight so many years ago, Mustafa hangs on to lose a split decision and everyone says Eddie Aliano did a hell of a job.

It's two wins and two losses on the night for Eddie Aliano's boys. And what the cut man has joined together, no glove has torn asunder.

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